UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO QUARTERLY

VOLUME X, 1940-1

Editorial Committee

A. S. P. WOODHOUSE (*Chairman*)

E. K. BROWN A. BRADY

Business Manager

A. GORDON BURNS

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

General
Dept.
Exchange W.
Law Cont. Prelims

X
Per
U587
v.10
1940-41

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME X, 1940-1

No. 1, October, 1940

The Human Situation ..... MALCOLM W. WALLACE 1
Thematic Symbols in the Poetry of Aiken and MacLeish
GEORGE EDISON 12
The Place of Art in Plato's Ideal State SIR PATRICK DUNCAN 27
Variations in Canadian Landscape Painting
DONALD W. BUCHANAN 39
Drama in Sophocles' *Oedipus Tyrannus* ..... E. T. OWEN 46
In Search of Myself ..... FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE 60
The Values of Democracy ..... H. W. WRIGHT 68
The Collapse of France ..... J. S. WILL 89
The War and Opinion:
I. Aberration of Historians ..... LIONEL M. GELBER 95
II. Canada's American Problem ..... EDGAR McINNIS 101
III. The Empire and World Order ..... A. BRADY 105

Reviews
Lord Tweedsmuir ..... C. N. COCHRANE 110
Dante and Philosophy ..... J. E. SHAW 113
Spinoza's Ethical Teaching .... G. WATTS CUNNINGHAM 120
Tribute to an Historian ..... A. L. BURT 121

No. 2, January, 1941

Henry James: The War Chapter, 1914-1916 ..... LEON EDEL 125
Political Parties and Nationalism in South Africa A. BRADY 139
Thomas Wolfe: Realist and Symbolist ..... E. K. BROWN 153
The Pattern of Milton's *Nativity Ode* ..... ARTHUR BARKER 167
On a Certain Revival of Enthusiasm ..... F. H. ANDERSON 182
Commercialism and the Jews ..... BERNARD LANDE COHEN 197
The War and Opinion:
I. The Next British Empire ..... DONALD COWIE 204
II. India and the War ..... G. S. BRETT 210
III. Canadian Labour and the War ..... PHILIP CHILD 216
IV. Christian Civilization ..... LORD EUSTACE PERCY 225

425514

Reviews
Ideals of Religion ..... Sir Robert Falconer 228
Foreign News and the Press ..... B. K. Sandwell 235
The Defence of Canada ..... A. R. M. Lower 239
The Master and His Fellows ..... Douglas Bush 241
For Student and General Reader ..... Arthur E. Case 245

No. 3, April, 1941

Sir Frederick Banting ..... C. H. Best 249
A Social Dynamic for Canada? ..... Philip Child 255
The Achievement of Bergson ..... Charles W. Hendel 269

Letters in Canada: 1940 ... Edited by A. S. P. Woodhouse
I. Poetry ..... E. K. Brown 283
II. Fiction ..... J. R. MacGillivray 292
III. Drama ..... W. S. Milne 300
IV. French-Canadian Letters ..... Felix Walter 305
V. New-Canadian Letters ..... Watson Kirkconnell 317
VI. Remaining Material ..... The Editor 319
Lists of Publications 353

No. 4, July, 1941

Philosophy in Renaissance Art ..... Herbert L. Stewart 401
American Politics: Reports from Men in Action J. T. Salter 417
Anatole France and His Critics ..... J. S. Will 435
The War and Opinion:
I. The Defence of Great Britain ..... Edgar McInnis 450
II. Britain's Home Guard ..... P. L. Carver 453
III. Planning of Canada's War Effort ..... A. Brady 466
The Reform of the Laws of England, 1640-1660
Goldwin Smith 469
Austrian Origins of National Socialism H. Gordon Skilling 482
"O France! Thy Bleeding Body . . .": A Protest
George V. Ferguson 493
Reviews
European Poetry ..... Felix Walter 497
Background for Milton ..... A. S. P. Woodhouse 499
Christianity and Classical Culture Reinhold Niebuhr 505
Union Now with Britain ..... F. H. Soward 511

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO QUARTERLY

University Library

NOV 2 1940

Durham, N. C.

OCTOBER, 1940

The Human Situation ..... Malcolm W. Wallace
Thematic Symbols in the Poetry of Aiken and MacLeish ..... George Edison
The Place of Art in Plato's Ideal State ..... Sir Patrick Duncan
Variations in Canadian Landscape Painting ..... Donald W. Buchanan
Drama in Sophocles' *Oedipus Tyrannus* ..... E. T. Owen
In Search of Myself ..... Frederick Philip Grove
The Values of Democracy ..... H. W. Wright
The Collapse of France ..... J. S. Will
The War and Opinion :
I. Aberration of Historians ..... Lionel M. Gelber
II. Canada's American Problem ..... Edgar McInnis
III. The Empire and World Order ..... A. Brady

Reviews
Lord Tweedsmuir ..... C. N. Cochrane
Dante and Philosophy ..... J. E. Shaw
Spinoza's Ethical Teaching ..... G. Watts Cunningham
Tribute to an Historian ..... A. L. Burt

PUBLISHED BY
THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
Distributors

Recently Published *Order Now*

SIR JOHN CUNNINGHAM McLENNAN
A Memoir

By H. H. LANGTON

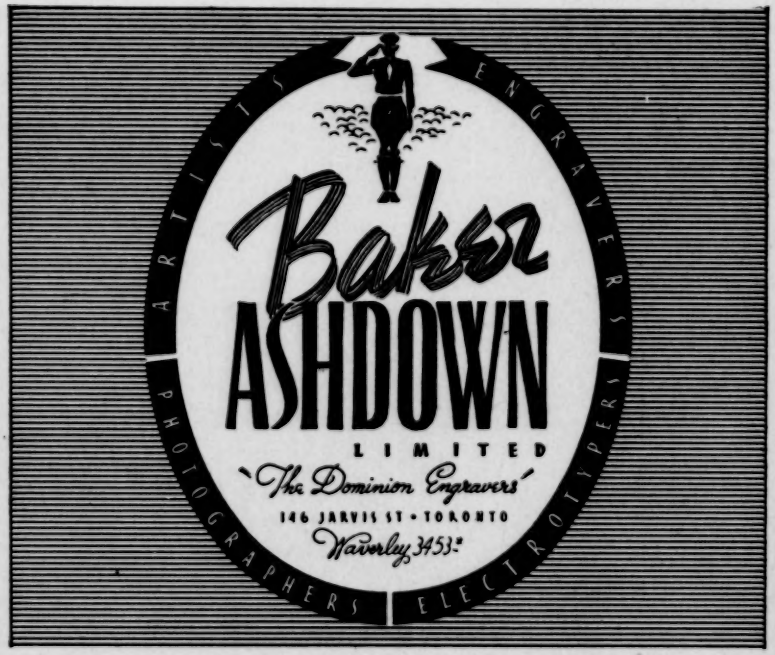
With a Chapter on his Scientific Work
By E. F. BURTON

"Every Canadian youth should read this biography"—*Vancouver Province*

"Sir John McLennan left a mark upon the history of education and science in Canada which unquestionably justifies this record"—*Saturday Night*, Toronto

$2.50

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS
TORONTO, CANADA



CONTENTS

VOL. X OCTOBER, 1940 No. 1

The Human Situation ..... MALCOLM W. WALLACE 1

Thematic Symbols in the Poetry of Aiken and MacLeish
GEORGE EDISON 12

The Place of Art in Plato's Ideal State .. SIR PATRICK DUNCAN 27

Variations in Canadian Landscape Painting
DONALD W. BUCHANAN 39

Drama in Sophocles' *Oedipus Tyrannus* ..... E. T. OWEN 46

In Search of Myself ..... FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE 60

The Values of Democracy ..... H. W. WRIGHT 68

The Collapse of France ..... J. S. WILL 89

The War and Opinion:

I. Aberration of Historians ..... LIONEL M. GELBER 95

II. Canada's American Problem ..... EDGAR McINNIS 101

III. The Empire and World Order ..... A. BRADY 105

Reviews

Lord Tweedsmuir ..... C. N. COCHRANE 110

Dante and Philosophy ..... J. E. SHAW 113

Spinoza's Ethical Teaching .... G. WATTS CUNNINGHAM 120

Tribute to an Historian ..... A. L. BURT 121

425514

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

DONALD W. BUCHANAN of the C.B.C. is the author of *James Wilson Morrice, a Biography of a Canadian Painter* (1936).

A. L. BURT, a graduate of the University and Professor of History in the University of Minnesota, has written *The Old Province of Quebec* (1933).

CHARLES N. COCHRANE, Professor of Ancient History in University College, has recently published *Christianity and Classical Culture* (1940).

G. W. CUNNINGHAM is Professor of Philosophy in Cornell University.

The Right Honourable SIR PATRICK DUNCAN is the Governor-General of the Union of South Africa.

GEORGE EDISON has been appointed recently to the Department of Ethics in Trinity College.

LIONEL M. GELBER, a graduate of the University and of Oxford, is the author of *The Rise of Anglo-American Friendship* (1938) and *War for Power and Power for Peace* (Oxford Pamphlet on World Affairs, 1940).

FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE, one of the most distinguished of Canadian novelists, presents another of his penetrating comments on the nature of the artist's problem.

EDGAR MCINNIS is a member of the Department of History in the University and the author of *The War: First Year* (1940).

E. T. OWEN is Professor of Greek in University College.

J. E. SHAW, Professor of Italian in the University, is the author of a number of studies on the literature of the age of Dante, among them *Essays on the Vita Nuova* (1929) and *The Lady Philosophy in the Convivio* (1938).

MALCOLM W. WALLACE, Principal of University College, deserves the gratitude of the *Quarterly* for his constant and not uncritical friendship.

J. S. WILL is Professor of French Literature in University College.

H. W. WRIGHT, Professor of Psychology in the University of Manitoba, is the author of *Self-Realization: An Outline of Ethics* (1913), *The Moral Standards of Democracy* (1925), and *The Religious Response* (1929).

THE HUMAN SITUATION

MALCOLM W. WALLACE

OF recent months we have been living in a world the actuality of which we can believe in only by an effort of the will. Constantly we have awakened to a new day with the feeling that we have been living in a nightmare. Events have been happening which were not only unpredictable, but the very possibility of which we could hardly have entertained except as fantastic imaginings. A succession of calamities has swept over us, and we have supped so full of horrors that we no longer seem to occupy the old familiar world of earlier days. Prophecies of impending new disasters are eagerly listened to and believed. The old familiar landmarks which gave stability both to life and thinking have many of them been swept away. We are no longer so sure that human nature is the same wherever we find it, nor that you cannot bring an indictment against a whole nation. In a word our life has become an adventure, we are living dangerously, and we are by no means sure as to what the morrow may bring forth.

At such a time great numbers of men become conscious metaphysicians. Why does God allow such things? they ask. When they consider the enormities committed by their enemies, they are inclined to explore the causes in Nature which breed these cruel hearts. When they see great civilized peoples possessed by the lust of slaughter and domination, they can only exclaim, What is man? In the past they have sentimentally restricted their attention to the more benevolent aspects of the human programme—to man's humanitarianism, his scientific and commercial achievements, but now this god-like human race which seemed to bestride the world like a Colossus appears possessed by a devil who is the very spirit of evil.

Man's estimate of himself and of the universe he inhabits has always been changing, largely in accord with his increase in knowledge and power over nature. Scientific achievement during the past century has inevitably unsettled human convictions on a multitude of subjects and we have as yet reached no final synthesis of the new knowledge. Numberless attempts have been made to incorporate our new acquisitions in our interpretations and theories. Life is never static. Every age must work out its own philosophy.

All speculation is based on the answer of each age to the perennial questions, What is man? What is the universe in which he finds himself?

For a century men have concentrated their attentions on the second question—with astonishing success. We can weigh and measure the universe. Theories of its essential nature have been revolutionized. The all-pervasive ether, the basic theory of science, has been abolished. The atom has been transformed. All the emphasis is on knowledge, on the intellect. Man is depreciated and dethroned from his place of pride. He is now merely one of millions of species of animals inhabiting briefly an earth which is a speck of astral dust.

Increase of knowledge has not meant increase of happiness, and man in possession of knowledge continues to act much as did ignorant man. He is aggressive, lustful, domineering. He is ruthless, and uses his command of nature to murder his fellows by the millions. With frightful ingenuity and inventiveness he has brought his chief industry—the waging of war—to a terrifying degree of efficiency. He has not found security: rather he is assailed by more and more terrible fears. This result has perplexed and confused him. He is more aware of the contradictions in his own nature. For he is not only brutal and ruthless: he is kind, generous, magnanimous: he builds hospitals and assuages disease: he loves beauty and delights in adventure. He is capable of courage and self-sacrifice.

Never has man been so conscious of the seemingly hopeless enigma of his own nature. Never has he sought more earnestly to readjust his theories of good and evil, of the sources of human satisfaction. In the past he has been afraid of Nature—of storms and earthquakes: now he is afraid of himself. Is his increase in power and knowledge to mean merely increase in misery, culminating perhaps in self-destruction? With all his marvellous powers of intellect is he perhaps incapable of adjusting himself satisfactorily to the situation in which he finds himself? Is he the victim of powers which drive him on to ends he would not will—which ironically endow him with capacities to be used to produce his own destruction?

For a century man has devoted his intellectual powers chiefly to the solving of the riddle of the material universe and to securing understanding and control of the powers of nature. More recently

he has shifted his attention to himself, and finds a field for investigation not less complex and baffling than that to which Science has devoted its energies. Already unguessed-at complexities have been revealed. His conscious self appears to be only a small portion of his total personality. Deep-seated instinctive urges seem often to have their way with him, and then triumphantly to summon his reason to justify their doings. Of the deception practised on him he is usually quite unaware. Honestly believing himself to be moved by rational, praiseworthy motives, he is the passive victim of primeval urges deeply entrenched in the very centre of his being though he knows nothing of their existence. Ancestral influences are much more potent in determining his programme than is the rationality to which he proudly confesses his allegiance. Our relationship to our primitive forbears has been demonstrated in a more startling form than ever occurred to Darwin.

One great gain has accrued to man from his absorption in Science. He has learned to look unflinchingly at the truth, to reject all temptation to juggle with the facts as far as he can know them. Moreover, Science has taught him that things are not what they seem, and that all our knowledge must be held tentatively. And accordingly his study of himself and of his relations to other human beings has today an honesty, an earnestness that is beyond all praise. Perhaps men have always assumed that to know the truth will be good: it is one of the most amazing assumptions on which they have proceeded. But today they are pursuing the quest in relation to themselves with a new spirit of determination, a new awareness of the incredible difficulty of the problem. Know thyself. It is a task which in its entirety will long remain unaccomplished, but on a measure of success our contemporary thinkers believe that the salvation of our race depends.

Of the multitude of studies devoted to this subject which have appeared in recent years one of the most interesting is *The Human Situation* by Professor W. Macneile Dixon, Professor Emeritus of English Literature in the University of Glasgow. The lectures which make up the volume were delivered on the Gifford Foundation in 1935-7. They are written in an easy conversational style and with a masterly command of all the resources of language. The author's detailed acquaintance with many branches of knowledge in their latest developments—astronomy, physics, biology, philo-

sophy, psychology is very impressive. No doubt specialists in these various fields might find his comprehension inadequate, but if we are to seek to interpret the universe we cannot hope for much light from the mere specialist. However imperfectly, we must seek to acquaint ourselves with the harvest of knowledge that has been gathered in many fields before we venture to seek for the meaning of the whole. And even then we may not hope to discover ultimate truth, which is probably far beyond our comprehension. The best we may hope for is to make an honest guess at the solution of the riddle, a guess which takes account of all the significant factors in the problem and offers an explanation as coherent, as self-subsisting as possible.

Professor Dixon recognizes the hopelessly complex and contradictory characteristics both of man and his environment. Medieval man was intensely conscious of the mystery in which he lived. Modern man has concentrated his interest on the study of nature and has gained an amazing degree of control over her energies, a success which has captured his imagination and filled him with dreams of creating an earthly Paradise. He has weighed and measured the universe and ignored the imponderables. Intoxicated by success and newly achieved power he has sought his ultimate satisfactions in his own practical accomplishments. Only comparatively recently has he begun to suspect that his achievement is less remarkable than he had thought, and confined to a sphere which does not touch his deepest concerns. He has made no progress in solving the mystery of his own origin or destiny. What is truth? What is wisdom for daily living? How may men soften their antagonisms and co-operate in the world? Of these and many other questions intimately related to his well-being man knows no more than his remote ancestors of past milleniums. He has not gained security, nor satisfaction of spirit, from all his researches, and the brave new world which science presents to him fails to satisfy his deepest longings and aspirations. He makes "hazardous guesses at the authorship and significance of the mystery play in which we are actors," but he remains invincibly ignorant.

How in the midst of an insolubly contradictory world is man to find his way about, how is he to establish a scale of values and harmonize them at least approximately? He is obsessed by his ideas and ideals, but of these the universe of which he is a product

seems to know nothing. The rain falls on the just and on the unjust. Cruelty and brute strength seem at times to conquer; the weak and innocent are brought to destruction. But there is no sense in undiscriminating condemnation of the Nature from which we are sprung. Our intellect, our ideals, our profoundest hopes and desires are as truly an index of the character of Nature as are our greed and selfishness and pugnacity. To denounce the senses as evil, to condemn the entire scheme of things of which we are a part, is to be lacking in a sense of humour and essentially irrational. We must accept the universe before we can hope to discover our own relation to it.

Of all the instincts with which we find ourselves equipped, the will-to-live is the most universal and most nearly ineradicable. It persists in spite of every discouragement. Of its origin we know nothing, but it governs the lives of all creatures and makes the intellect serve its purposes. Since it operates ruthlessly in everyone of us, in every insect and plant, we have a world of intense conflict. Every organism sustains its own life by preying on those about it, and until the human intelligence developed there was no question about the legitimacy of the principle. Today no question concerns us more deeply. Reason is affronted by the spectacle of everlasting, pointless strife, and men are seeking the solution of the enigma with more and more determination—how to enable the individual to live a full, satisfying life without at the same time denying to other men the right to pursue similar ideals. The cruelty which springs from man's unrestricted competitiveness has produced a reaction, and today much of our religion consists in humanitarianism—pity for the weak and incompetent, kindness to animals, a hatred of cruelty and violence. So strong is the resulting pacifism that it is just conceivable that our western civilization may eventually follow the path trodden by Buddhism and decide on a creed of defeatism, conclude that life is evil and disgusting, and that good consists in delivery from it—in nothingness.

Nevertheless, a programme of resignation furnishes us with no very satisfactory solution; for one thing it means that we must cease to try to right what seems to us wrong, to help the weak and oppressed, for instance. Moreover, there is much to be said for this world of conflict. "Without contraries," said Blake, "is no progression." The truth is that the interest and meaning of

life as we know it is dependent on our overcoming obstacles. Men love adventure and difficulty and weep when there are no more worlds to conquer. We can understand only dimly the issues that are at stake in the world, and we may doubt our capacity to understand adequately, but we may believe that the strife is not meaningless. From it proceeds all that we know of goodness and satisfaction, as well as those things which revolt our spirits. Keats regarded this life as a vale of soul-making, and our imaginations are not capable of picturing an existence in which human souls may grow and develop into greater stature except by a process of wrestling with difficulties.

It would be a great mistake to think of the will-to-live as mere absorption in self. It means altruism, delight in adventure, magnanimousness, justice, hope, and courage. It means love of truth and beauty. True, it also means cruelty, love of domination, animalism. How are we to reconcile these? That is the enigma. But if we are to make an honest attempt at its solution we must look at all of the human qualities. Shall we value some of them more highly than others? It is the fashion to exalt man's reason but to apologize for his desires, to pay honour to his head but not to his heart. And yet both are derived from the same source, and there would seem to be little sense in assuming that we may trust Nature when she implants in us a power of reasoning but not when she bids us to do justice and love mercy. But, indeed, there is no such clear-cut distinction between head and heart. No philosopher, it has been said, ever summed up against his own deepest desires—nor any scientist either. Our thinking is wishful thinking in a real sense inevitably, but it may be none the worse for that. Our wishes are not necessarily deceivers, nor may we trust the conclusions of our reason without subjecting them to close scrutiny. Most of the conclusions to which she leads us she bids us hold tentatively for she may decide to discard them, whereas our belief in truth and justice is abiding.

And how shall we think of this Nature which gives birth to so incomprehensible a being as man? Not long ago it was a very solid structure. Physics and chemistry seemed the keys to all the mysteries. Thought was a secretion due to physical processes; character and all human qualities were produced by adding more or less of chemical ingredients to the body. In a word, Nature was the source in which all phenomena mental or physical were

predetermined. Man was a most unimportant, almost negligible by-product of her restless activities.

But there are fashions in scientific thinking as in other matters, and this view of Nature is now pretty generally discarded. Detailed studies of the atom and of the cell have brought home a realization of their incomprehensible complexity. The solid substance of matter has disappeared in a mad dance of neutrons and positrons which refuse to be weighed or measured, and the orbits of whose courses cannot be calculated. We incline to accept the view of Tennyson that the universe is

> Boundless inward in the atom
> Boundless outward in the whole.

Time and space have become first-rate enigmas, and the theory of relativity has cast serious doubts on the ultimate legitimacy of all our mathematical processes. In a word, both the universe and man have become insoluble mysteries, and nothing is but what is strange. There is a tendency to replace man on the throne from which the Science of yesterday had degraded him. After all, it is he who measures the light-years and discovers the electric energies at the heart of all matter. He speculates on the nature of the universe, sits in judgment on it; perhaps without him there would be no universe. Perhaps, indeed, there is no other existence except mind. The terrific energy of the electrons may be mind in its simplest manifestation; it rises by gradations through the vegetable and animal worlds and finds its culmination in consciousness and human personality. The primary law of its being is that it should strive constantly to express itself in higher forms. Life, all existence as we know it, is in a state of becoming, characterized by unceasing energy and continuous conflict. For this incomprehensible energy is incorporated in a myriad of selves or monads, and they are in continuous competition with each other. That is the law of their being. Of the Ultimate Power which has evolved this scheme of things, and stamped upon it the laws which it obeys, and of the inner meaning of all activity, the goal toward which its strivings tend, we can know nothing. There is no reason to suppose our minds capable of such comprehension; there is much less reason to suppose that we are competent to sit in judgment on its character or value. We must be content to know that Nature is life and God the life of life. Good and evil as we conceive them are inextricably intertwined in the world, in our experiences, in our own

characters. It would appear reasonable to accept the universe and our programme and ourselves, to assume that the will-to-live in all its diverse manifestations is of divine origin, and that great issues may be in the balance which depend on our co-operation for their successful working-out. If we are troubled by the uglier aspects of the will-to-live, we must remember that it has given birth to human love, art, ideals, and hopes.

This is the creed to which Professor Dixon invites our attention. Of course there is nothing new under the sun, and much or most of this doctrine is just a restatement of the creeds of older philosophers in the light of present-day thinking. "The most irrational theory of all," said Plotinus, "is that elements without intelligence should produce intelligence." And again, "This account allows grades of living within the whole, grades to some of which we deny life only because they are not perceptibly self-moved. In truth, all these have a hidden life; the thing whose life is patent to sense is made up of things which do not patently live, but, none the less, confer upon their resultant total, wonderful powers toward living." "The world," said Leibnitz, "is not a machine. Everything in it is force, life, thought, desire." "The infinite is always latent in things."

A man's creed is coloured inevitably by his character, his desires, and his environment, and it must come to terms as best it may with the conclusions of contemporary thought. Today it must take some account of astronomy, physics, and biology as well as of the horrors and heroisms of a world war. It must include man's longing for peace and his delight in adventure, his scientific achievements and his refusal to find in them enduring satisfaction. Professor Dixon's interpretation of the human situation is offered to us in no dogmatic spirit. The intellect, he holds, is man's glory, but it is not the most fundamental thing about him. It builds its imposing structures on already existing preferences and wishes, and readily lends its aid to strengthen those convictions which we wish to have strengthened. But, like Socrates, we have voices to which rightly we pay more heed—the unanalysable urges of our nature to seek the truth, to show kindness and pity, to seek for ourselves crowded hours of glorious life, to discover wherein justice consists and to make it prevail, to believe that we are greater than we know. And it is the poets and artists who tell us the deepest truths about ourselves, who give us the greatest help in working

out a creed to live by, for they speak in the language of the whole soul rather than of the intellect alone. They delight in all the manifestations of life, in its sorrows and hardships no less than in its joys and successes, and they are fascinated by its inexhaustibleness. It is to them that we turn for refreshment and delight, and in their love of rhythm and imagery and abundance of life they transmute the disagreeables of experience into something rich and strange. Of course no creed can abolish the mystery, or pretend to unveil for us the countenance of reality. At best we can try to think worthily on the great theme and evolve a working belief that does not ignore the deepest needs of our nature.

All creeds must undergo revision in the light of new experience. Perhaps the greatest glory of Christianity is the primacy of place which it assigned to the individual, to personality, and to the regenerating power of love. But it is in many ways unsuited to an active, practical race like ours. Its Oriental origin is seen in its tendency to forsake this world for another, a kind of defeatism which made its appeal to the victims of cruelty and oppression. Its God had many features of an Oriental despot, but this and many other dogmas that had developed about the creed have been silently shelved. On many subjects of surpassing interest to us it is silent; for instance it has little to say of love between the sexes, or of our relation to animals, or of the role which a man should play in contributing to the health of the commonwealth. Its teaching that whatever is of "the world" is evil, is a hard saying—especially for a race that has assumed responsibilities of many kinds in every corner of the earth, and that has never felt any real grounds for antipathy to cakes and ale.

The Human Situation is a very unusually interesting book. It asks a multitude of fundamental questions, and in its attempt at giving answers to some of them it is always stimulating and informative. Of course its doctrine is determined by the character and life of its author, and the first impression which it leaves on a reader's mind is that this is a philosophy for Englishmen. This is true for many reasons. In the first place, there is a noticeable avoidance of metaphysical generalizations, as though the author distrusted the more ambitious flights of the intellect in aerial heights. Then there is a matter-of-fact acceptance of the everyday world, to acquaint himself with the character of which he has gone to very great pains. But the distinction between appearance

and reality is always present to his mind, and when he wishes to penetrate to ultimate things his trust is in poetry and the arts. His characteristic of being equally at home in both worlds is surely a genuine English—or is it Scotch?—characteristic. The author's practical bent is illustrated again in his treating the question, "What is man to do with this puzzling universe?" In the first place he refuses to sit in judgment on it and to pronounce an adverse moral verdict. His sense of humour forbids that. A certain modesty is becoming in the creature when he contemplates the whole from which his very limited self has come forth. If he is wise, like Robinson Crusoe he will accept his new world, and set to work to become acquainted with all its interesting, useful qualities. It has its frightful aspects, but on the whole one may always hope that the joys will outweigh the sorrows. Good things abound, and while experience teaches him the necessity of introducing a certain order among his instincts, he refuses to regard the senses and the impulses of his heart as bad. Goodness is good, but so also are courage, the power of endurance, magnanimousness, love of his fellows, love of beauty and justice. Above all, he finds himself accompanied at every step by the delight and wonder of being alive, and hope strengthens his heart to face the difficulties he will have to encounter in the future. He has no doubt that he is an immortal creature, and that great issues centre in his experience as a creature of earth—that he is greater than he knows. He has faith in the instincts of his own heart which will determine his programme whether he has faith in them or not, and all these considerations are summed up in a tremendous conviction of Duty. He must play the game; he must not surrender to the obstacles which try his spirit and develop it. The whole story of his predecessors in the human drama assures him that he must assume a positive role, and that courage, honesty, and determination are no mean guides to conduct. He knows that he knows very little about the ultimate nature of life, but he knows enough to enable him to play a worthy part in the unfolding of the great drama.

This seems to me an essentially English way of facing the problem of existence, and if that is true Professor Dixon's countrymen should find his volume a genuine tract for the times. He commends to them a gospel which in its essentials was the creed of Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, and a great number of Englishmen from Milton to Nelson, and men of our own day,

who have played a major role in our national affairs. They have accepted and loved the variety of aims and beliefs, and the desire to make everyone conform to one established way of life has never been dominant. They have regarded liberty of thought and action as a supreme good, and they have been willing to temper their individualism sufficiently to permit of other men's pursuing similar ideals. Their relation to their fellows has been marked by toleration and kindliness, but they have jealously guarded the right to live their lives in accordance with the principles in which they believe. Faced by bewildering changes in the constitution of the world of nations, abandoned by their natural allies under the stress of superior material power, the English today confront a hostile world which is bent on their destruction. They know that conflict is the law of the universe, that it is inherent in the nature of things, and that it is not due primarily or exclusively to economic causes. Compelled to rely only on their own strength, they have neglected the solution of their problems which is offered by their enemies who require of them merely the yielding up of those ideas of liberty and self-determination which have been the breath of their nostrils for a thousand years. If conflict is the law of life they accept the programme that has been forced upon them, and in the conviction that they are performing a high duty, they face the grim future with hopefulness and an instinctive faith in an attitude of "No Surrender."

THEMATIC SYMBOLS IN THE POETRY OF AIKEN AND MacLEISH

GEORGE EDISON

Thou wouldst not think
How ill all's here about my heart.
—*Hamlet*

I

CONRAD AIKEN and Archibald MacLeish re-echo traditional accents in modern American poetry. In contrast to much that is mordant and contumacious in the verse of today, their work is instinct with a strangely pained and penetrating lyricism. Despite a technical modernism of phrase and mode, they reveal a profound emotional kinship with the varied utterance of other poets in every age who have been sensitive to the soft, inexorable footfall of change and whose days have been haunted by what Middleton Murry calls "the anguish of the temporal." This is not to imply that Aiken and MacLeish have remained unresponsive to the burden of their contemporaneity; nor is it to suggest that their poetry merely registers an aesthetic withdrawal, such as characterizes the dream-saturated verse of de la Mare, or the gnome-like waywardness of Yeats's early work. On the contrary, both these men have sought to communicate a complex and poignant sense of alienation which they have experienced in face of the grotesque and dreary vulgarities of modern *bourgeois* civilization.

Unlike many of the younger poets, however, they have succeeded in giving this sense of alienation positive, poetic expression in some of the most wistful and subtly elegaic verse of our generation. They have not allowed it to become a pathological obsession, a spiritual nausea, voicing itself in tones of a spiteful and exacerbated irony. As MacLeish himself declares, "Irony is a speech which can be bold without responsibility, and rejection is an attitude which can be wise without risk."[1] Like Conrad Aiken, he is fully alive to the fact that the very nature of poetic perception in an age such as this involves wholly new and intricate patterns of organization within experience. But he is equally aware that this

[1]MacLeish, "Poetry and the Public World" (*Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1939).

organization, however tentatively it may be realized in the subjective consciousness of the poet, can never be objectified and conveyed in the arrogant language of rejection and revolt. Hence he insists, "To write in faith and credit of such experience as ours, and to bring it to recognition, requires the responsible and dangerous language of acceptance and belief."[2]

In so far as the general form and structure of their work is concerned, it is evident at once that Aiken and MacLeish have derived much from Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot and from their French predecessors, such as Laforgue, Léon Fargue, Rimbaud, and Paul Valéry. They have both expertly mastered and freely exploited the symbolist technique—the technique whereby the deep, underlying currents of emotional universals are deftly short-circuited by the cross-touchings of superficial, often apparently fortuitous, particulars. In fact, the brilliant competence and discipline with which they have handled this technique has enabled them to give concrete and significant embodiment in words to those aspects of experience which seem almost impossibly fluid and tangential. In this, as we shall see, lies the secret of their individual achievements in verse. It must be admitted, however, that the poetry of both men is often difficult. But it should be understood that this difficulty is never that of merely self-conscious virtuosity; it is rather the difficulty of quick and sensitive minds striving after an essential imaginative and emotional coherence. The place of meaning in their work is never, as in the case of what Santayana calls "the school of red-hot irrationality," subservient to the deliberate obscurities of free-association, or to the perverse ingenuities of purely verbal experiment. It is always the primary constitutive element in their verse.

II

Consider the following lines of Aiken's poem, *Watch Long Enough:*

> Watch long enough, and you will see the leaf
> Fall from the bough. Without a sound it falls:
> And soundless meets the grass. . . . And so you have
> A bare bough, and a dead leaf in dead grass.
> Something has come and gone. And that is all.

[2] *Ibid.*

> But what were all the tumults in this action?
> What wars of atoms in the twig, what ruins,
> Fiery and disastrous in the leaf?
> Timeless the tumult was, but gave no sign.
> Only, the leaf fell, and the bough is bare.
>
> This is the world: there is no more than this.
> The unseen and disastrous prelude, shaking
> The trivial act from the terrific action.
> Speak: and the ghosts of change, past and to come,
> Throng the brief word. The maelstrom has us all.[1]

The first thing which strikes our attention is that the poem as a whole is an explicit statement of the leaf-symbolism which both Aiken and MacLeish constantly employ. A leaf, falling from a bough, "soundless meets the grass. . . . And so you have, a bare bough, . . . a dead leaf, something . . . come and gone." The fallen leaf, then, represents all that can be said about past life, past growth, effort and decay, past love, struggle and pain. It is the inert, trivial vestige of all former vitalities and significances. The very fact of its paltriness, its mute finality, contrasting sharply with everything it was before it withered and fell away from the sustaining, tumultuous life of the tree, seems to account for the peculiar fascination of this symbol. In *The Room* Aiken explains that "chaos draws all forces inward to shape a single leaf."[2] Above all, it is a natural symbol and it subsumes within itself the most natural, albeit the most perturbing, fact of man's experience—the fact that all things pass and die; they are completed and done with, and in retrospect there is nothing further to be said. The destiny of every living being, every living event, involves an ending which when it has taken place becomes absolute in the ultimate context of all endings. The shadow of this fate is upon all life. Thus, in *Annihilation*, Aiken cries to his love:

> It is the leaf that falls between us.[3]

Or again, in *Portrait of a Girl:*

> And we, who on music so leaflike have drifted together,
> Leaflike apart shall be whirled
> Into what but the beauty of silence, silence forever?[4]

---

[1]Printed in *Chief Modern Poets*, ed. Sanders and Nelson (New York, 1937), p. 672.

[2]*Priapus and the Pool* (New York, 1925), p. 65.

[3]*Modern American Poetry*, ed. Untermeyer (New York, 1930), p. 605.

[4]*Priapus and the Pool*, section IV, p. 107.

Similarly, in *Ars Poetica*, MacLeish writes:

> For all the history of grief
> An empty doorway and a maple leaf.[5]

Or even more strikingly in his poem, *Not Marble nor The Gilded Monuments:*

> I will say you were young and straight and your skin fair
> And you stood in the door and the sun was a shadow of leaves on your shoulders
> And a leaf on your hair.
>
> I will not speak of the famous beauty of dead women
> I will not say the shape of a leaf lay once on your hair
> Till the world ends and the eyes are out and the mouths broken
> Look! It is there![6]

Again, in the Preface of MacLeish's most ambitious work, *Conquistador*, the old warrior, Bernál Díaz, burdened with the sorrow of mature insight, explains:

> The sad thing is not death: the sad thing
> Is the life's loss out of earth when the living vanish:
> All that was good in the throat: the hard going . . .
> The quick loves: the sleep: the waking: the blowing of
> Winds over us: all this that we knew:
> All this goes out at the end as the flowing of
> Water carries the leaves down.[7]

Moreover, the sense of desolation and voided meaning of all that has undergone change, has passed away and is dead, is conveyed in a number of variant symbols, such as, "empty doorways," "closed door," "dry grass," "waterless plain," "sterile air," "dust," "sand," and "rock," which are in their intentional values patent equivalents of the fallen leaf. Suggestions of life, growth, fertility, which are the emotional opposites of these symbols, are contained chiefly in associations having to do with "green grass," "rain," and water symbolism generally. The vital meaning of "grass" is to be found everywhere in Aiken and MacLeish. In *Ars Poetica*, MacLeish actually defines love in terms of "the leaning grasses." The connotations they attach to water are frequently reminiscent of Eliot's *Waste Land*. For instance, in Aiken's *Priapus:*

> In all that desolation of rock and ground
> There is no water, no answer to the sky. . . .[8]

---

[5] *Poems: 1924-1933* (Cambridge, Mass., 1933), p. 122.
[6] *Ibid.*, p. 48. [7] *Ibid.* [8] *Op. cit.*, p. 114.

In their employment of the rain-symbol, however, there is a slight difference between the two poets. Aiken uses it in the sense of rain descending, like a shower of arrows, stinging and vitalizing all it falls upon. Thus, in *Tetelestai* the poet supplicates:

> Anoint me, rain! let crash your silver arrows
> On this hard flesh![9]

Or again, in the same poem:

> Rain falls on the water
> And pelts it, and rings it with silver.[10]

MacLeish, on the other hand, utilizes the quieting, healthful, restorative implications of rain. In *Memorial Rain*—a poem of tense, yet superbly controlled war-satire, comparable with Siegfried Sassoon at his best—the suddenness of a shower drenches the puffy and preposterous oratory of Ambassador Puser, seeps slowly down through the dry earth, and affords a soothing release to the dead soldier underground:

> The rain gathers, running in thinned
> Spurts of water that ravel in the dry sand
> Seeping into the sand under the grass roots, seeping
> Between cracked boards to the bones of a clenched hand:
> The earth relaxes, loosens; he is sleeping;
> He rests, he is quiet, he sleeps in a strange land.[11]

III

We have said that the change-decay motif, symbolized by the fallen leaf, recurs constantly throughout Aiken and MacLeish. But the very inevitableness of change in human experience forces upon the mind the alien, often intolerable endurance of that which over-arches all change. Hence we find both poets deploying suggestions of transience—the passing of clouds, the shiftings of the wind, the flux of emotions, the incidental rituals of daily life—against an astronomical background. Yet this background, although austere and impersonal in its vastness, is never portrayed as dead and inert. Rather it is conceived as alive with a sort of transcendent, inscrutable animation, an animation which pervades the whole universe, keeping the earth, the planets, the constellations of the stars, in endless immensities of motion. But the very sweep and magnitude of the motions imagined, involving interstellar dimen-

[9] *Ibid.*, p. 59. [10] *Ibid.*, p. 60. [11] *Ibid.*, p. 134.

sions of time and space, have the emotional effect of gigantic permanences when realized in comparison with the trifling happenings that are familiar to ordinary lives. Paradoxically, however, the sheer mystery and distance of this cosmic perspective is frequently employed to heighten, rather than to shrivel, the little vanities of mortal man. Thus, in "Morning Song" from *Senlin*, Aiken reflects:

> The earth revolves with me, yet makes no motion,
> The stars pale silently in a coral sky.
> In a whistling void I stand before my mirror,
> Unconcerned, and tie my tie.[1]

Notice the functional significance of the stress laid upon the word "unconcerned"; it enforces a pause in the reading and thereby relieves the juxtaposing of the infinite and the finite, the cosmic and the incidental, of an abruptness which would have been brutal. The passage as a whole conduces to a mild sense of wonderment in which a politely impertinent whimsy is subtly interfused with an underlying pathos.

A similar passage is to be found in MacLeish's epistemological piece, entitled *Einstein*. The poet imagines the great scientist demonstrating the limits of his own physical being and with a touch of the bizarre contrasting them with the universe he is able to contemplate in thought:

> It seems assured he ends
> Precisely at his shoes in proof whereof
> He can revolve in orbits opposite
> The orbit of the earth and so refuse
> All planetary converse. And he wears
> Cloths that distinguish him from what is not
> His own circumference . . . and below
> Trousers preserving his detachment from
> The revolutions of the stars.[2]

The whimsy of such lines is unmistakable. It involves the element of caricature in which the splendid, but diminutive, infamy of man's self-conceiving is played off against the expansiveness of the universe in which he finds himself. But, as we have said, it is intermingled with an underlying pathos, the pathos of man's all too apparent inconsequence on the surface of "a swiftly tilting planet" adrift amid infinities of time-space. When, as occasionally

[1] *The Charnel Rose* (Boston, 1918).
[2] *Poems: 1924-1933*, p. 67.

in Aiken, this essential pathos is directly registered, without the mediation of a gentle facetiousness, man is visualized as the plaything of incalculable forces, a mere marionette, helpless beneath the caprice of indifferent gods. This theme is suggested by the well-established symbol of the game of chess. Aiken handles this symbol with unforgettable tenderness in the fluid music of *The Puppet Dreams*;[3] but in *Tetelestai* the same theme, stripped alike of music and braggadocio, is conveyed with an emotional hollowness in which sinister intonations are sounded:

> Two great gods, in a vault of starlight,
> Play ponderingly at chess, and at the game's end
> One of the pieces, shaken, falls to the floor
> And runs to the darkest corner; and that piece
> Forgotten there, left motionless, is I. . . .[4]

And when he remembers that he has "looked on beauty, and loved it, and left it," the poet cries out in syllables of tortured remorse:

> Say that the fates of time and space obscured me
> Led me a thousand ways to pain, bemused me,
> Wrapped me in ugliness; and like great spiders
> Dispatched me at their leisure. . . .[5]

MacLeish senses, even more keenly than Aiken, the timeless yet importunate irony of the stars, but his response is more petitionary than remorseful, more inquisitorial than anguished. For this very reason, the deep, inarticulate dismay implicit in his questioning strikes a truer urgency, a profounder poignance. This is best realized in the extended soliloquizing of the most notable of his longer poems, *The Hamlet of A. MacLeish*. Here the poet, reinterpreting for our age the spiritual malaise of the eternal Hamlet, confesses an homologous and fateful malingering between the realms of fear and faith, doubt and despair, action and delay. The emotional quintessence and meaning of the whole poem are exquisitely captured in the unanswered interrogation of the opening lines:

> From these night fields and waters do men raise,
> Sailors from ships, sleepers from their bed,
> Born, mortal men and haunted with brief days,
> Their eyes to that vast silence overhead.

---

[3]From *Punch: The Immortal Liar* (New York, 1921).

[4]*Op. cit.*, p. 58.

[5]*Ibid.*, pp. 58-9.

They see the moon walk slowly in her ways
And the grave stars and all the dark outspread.
They raise their mortal eyelids from this ground:
Question it . . .
What art thou . . .
And no sound.[6]

This is the prevailing mood of the poem, though it is repeatedly crossed with brash incitements to "Be hard!", to "Get over it!", "Be bright boys! Console yourselves!" and with vain attempts to lampoon and deride the felt mockery of the heavens, as in the following:

And look and there is no one there!
Giggle of the wind along
The empty gutters of the sky.
Snigger of the faint stars. Catcalls.[7]

At one point the poet's consciousness of this mockery from above breaks forth in tones of neurasthenic shrillness:

In agony . . .
I'll tell it. Oh
I'll tell it. Louder! Shriek!
The sky's there![8]

But after such an outburst, the sense of "irremediable woe" that is too sacred for either laughter or disdain, asserts itself and engenders a quiet acceptance:

We must consent now as all men
Whose rage is out of them must do.[9]

But ever intoning with this acceptance is detectable the infinite sorrow of man's ageless litany:

Protect us help us forgive us help give
O have pity upon us
We that watch the lights of the other worlds
Openers of curtains eastward when the room is dark . . .
We that have felt the light of the moon on our faces . . .
Have pity upon us![10]

IV

Turning again to the poem which was considered at the outset, we notice that the leaf falls without a sound and "soundless meets the grass." Here we have an intimation of the extraordinary

[6] *Poems: 1924-1933*, p. 3. [7] *Ibid.*, p. 24. [8] *Ibid.*, p. 31.
[9] *Ibid.*, p. 31. [10] *Ibid.*, p. 26.

effects which both poets accomplish by means of the suggestions implicit in the fact of silence. These suggestions imbue the verse with a sense of the intimate and inescapable mystery surrounding even the most casual events, the mystery of change, of death, of being itself. Silence is an extra-temporal interpolation in life, just as it is in music; it is a sort of inviolate surcease in the ambiguous bustle of living, during which problems are raised, conundrums sensed. Silences are pregnant with unresolved emotions, unanswerable questions. In silence one remembers and regrets; in silence one anticipates and hopes and fears. Thus, silence forms, so to speak, an eternal instant in which the conjunction of the past and the future is acutely felt. It is, therefore, alive with vital meanings, yet fraught with ultimate mystery. The implications of silence transcend the immediate, the particular, the actual, and by means of an imaginative liberation, a new amplitude of thought, they contribute to what MacLeish himself calls "a sense of infinity." This sense of infinity is never communicable in words; it is felt only in silence when men confront the final enigmas of experience. Thus, at the close of *Tetelestai*, Aiken writes:

> I was forsaken,
> I cried out, was welcomed by silence. . . .[1]

And in *The Puppet Dreams:*

> The drowsy god observes his world
> With no word spoken.[2]

Even those who have gained insight into the profoundest arcana of existence, come back, like Lazarus from the tomb, unable to speak. In *Priapus and the Pool*, we learn that the voyagers who have visited the "haunted sea" return and thereafter,

> Where they go or come,
> They will be silent; they have heard
> Out of the infinite of the soul
> An incommunicable word.[3]

In Aiken's *Prelude*,[4] the poet even in attempting to expound his love is reduced to "dumb silence and a look." And in the *Cloister* he explains:

[1] *Op. cit.*, p. 63.
[2] See *Punch: The Immortal Liar.*
[3] *Op. cit.*, section xv, p. 123.
[4] *Prelude: A Poem* (New York, 1932), Equinox Quartos, no. 4.

Your silence fills
With such a world of worlds,—so still, so deep,—
As never voice could speak, whether it were
The ocean's or the bird's.[5]

Similarly, MacLeish is haunted at every turn by the distressing ultimacy of silence. Thus, in his *Hamlet*, he writes:

I always think
The trees know the way they are silent. I always
Think some one has spoken, some one has told me. . . .[6]

With baffled persistence he probes the depths of experience, ever seeking an articulate sign, a word, a syllable, that will explicate the silence. But he is forced to admit that there are "no words," there are only

these shapes of things that seem
Ways of knowing what it is I am knowing.
I write these things in books, on pieces of paper . . .
It is always the same: I cannot read what the words say.
It is always the same: there are signs and I cannot read them.[7]

Hence, he cries to the Ghost:

Where is thy tongue great spectre? . . .
Art always secret, always the void sign,
Always the still averted face whose unseen
Shape makes sick men of us, haunted fools,
Hag-ridden, blinking starers at the dark:
Always this silence like a dial
That counts but will not keep our journey hours?[8]

Finally, the meaning of death itself eludes us in silence:

And they say we all die but death is a mystery.
Death is a gesture away from us. Death is a cry
And no sound. They have their backs to us going.
We do not know if earth stifles or infinite
Winds have blown the words of it all away.[9]

In Aiken the mystery of silence is often evoked indirectly through references to music. For him, music, like silence, is full of metalinguistic significance. It can be equated on the one hand with the "incommunicable word," and on the other, with the inarticulate sorrow associated with the memory of all that is past. Music, he says, is

Strangely subtle, deep in meaning,
Perplexed with implications.[10]

---

[5]Untermeyer, *op. cit.*, p. 610. [6]*Op. cit.*, p. 11.
[7]*Ibid.*, pp. 11-12. [8]*Ibid.*, pp. 14-15. [9]*Ibid.*, p. 28.
[10]"Palimpsest," from *The House of Dust* (Boston, 1920).

In criticizing his own work, he confesses the importance he attaches to the significance of music for poetry. "I give myself away," he writes, "as being in quest of a sort of absolute poetry, a poetry in which the intention is not so much to arouse an emotion, or to persuade of a reality, as to employ such emotion or sense of reality . . . with the same cool detachment with which a composer employs notes or chords."[11] This detachment he defines in *At a Concert of Music* as a sort of "pure algebra of enchantment." Be still, he commands,

> While the music rises about us: the deep enchantment
> Towers, like a forest of singing leaves and birds,
> Built for an instant by the heart's troubled beating,
> Beyond all power of words.[12]

Here the arrangement and cadence of the verse is almost symphonic, as in the following, from *Miracles:*

> And now across old waters you may hear
> The profound gloom of bells among still trees,
> Like the rolling of huge boulders beneath seas.[13]

These lines are immediately suggestive of a passage in MacLeish's *Einstein:*

> Put out leaves
> And let the old remembering wind think through
> A green intelligence or under sea
> Float out long filaments of amber in
> The numb and wordless revery of tides.[14]

Notice in the "subaqueous" music of both the above the extremely supple interanimation of images, each of which, however, is beautifully realized in itself. The sensuous incitements are so smooth and elusive, the psychological notations so varied and interfused, that the resultant effect is one of sheer verbal legerdemain. But more particularly notice the reminiscent force of such phrases as "across old waters," "the profound gloom of bells," "the old remembering wind," and the "wordless revery of tides." A tender elegiacism, a delicacy of yearning and regret over "things remembered," forms the emotional background of both poets. Thus Aiken writes in *Tetelestai* that he is "too easily brought to tears and weakness by music," and says "The face in my heart is the secret of music." At times the emotive power of memory

[11]See Untermeyer, *op. cit.*, p. 610.
[12]See Sanders and Nelson, *op. cit.*, p. 678.
[13]*Selected Poems* (New York, 1929), p. 37.
[14]*Op. cit.*, pp. 70-1.

becomes almost a tactile sensation, especially when listening to music. Thus he states:

> I always touch, in a moment, a remembered moment,
> A remembered face.[15]

Or again:

> Music in long blue waves of sound has borne me
> A helpless weed to shores of unthought silence.[16]

Implicitly here memory registers upon the present the sorrows of the past. Note how fluidly, by means of synaesthesia, sense-elicitations are used to evoke a remote, exquisite nostalgia. Music blends inevitably into silence in these lines. In the *Cloister*, cited above, the silence which broods over the verse is "as deep as song" and "throngs with ghosts," and as

> The night comes on:
> You wait and listen, in the darkened room,
> To all these ghosts of change. And they are you.[17]

In this poem one cannot escape the added richness and depth of the memory content, the added dimensions of thought and feeling which silence gathers into itself, or the further element of expectancy in which "you wait and listen."

In MacLeish this sense of expectancy, of emotional suspense, is handled with an assured and artful tentativeness which is unrivalled in contemporary poetry. Its effect is most palpably felt in reference to stillness, to the shadow and quiet of night, and to silence. In such references MacLeish's verse seems to tremble on the brink of portentous meanings; it leans forward, precariously poised, alert; but somehow, although the suspense is sustained, it is never emotionally resolved. Questions phrased sink into silence, muted and unanswered. The whole of *You, Andrew Marvell* is, as Untermeyer puts it, "an extraordinary accomplishment in suspense."[18] In the first verse the movement of a vague premonition is suggested in the approach of night:

> And here face down beneath the sun,
> And here upon earth's noonward height,
> To feel the always coming on,
> The always rising of the night.[19]

---

[15] *At a Concert of Music*, *op. cit.*, p. 611. [16] *Tetelestai*, *op. cit.*, p. 59.

[17] *Op. cit.*, p. 610. [18] Untermeyer, *op. cit.*, p. 657.

[19] *Poems: 1924-1933*, p. 58. The theme of the poem, as well as its title, suggest the famous lines from Marvell's *To His Coy Mistress:*

Gradually the shadows "creep up the curving east," advancing westward and enveloping the contours of daylight images with a soft, quiescent strangeness, and the original premonition is steadily, meticulously universalized:

> And strange at Ecbatan the trees
> Take leaf by leaf the evening, strange,
> The flooding dark about their knees,
> The mountains over Persia change.

And on to Kermanshah the darkness moves, then, deepens "the wheel rut" on Palmyra's street, and Lebanon and Crete and Sicily fade out, and Africa and Spain "go under," and across the sea "the long light" vanishes and the poem closes with the lines:

> And here face downward in the sun
> To feel how swift, how secretly,
> The shadow of the night comes on. . . .

The premonitory suspense of the beginning is sustained throughout, nor is it relaxed at the close. But deftly, without the reader's conscious suspicion, MacLeish employs this very suspense to communicate the sense of wonder and mystery demanded by his theme. The poem as a whole is a masterpiece of unsuspected emotional evocation.

In *Lines for a Prologue* an atmosphere of stillness engenders much the same effect. Here again a universal presentiment is conveyed through the media of subtly actualized particular images, as for instance, in the memorable lines:

> At night the stillness of old trees
> Is a leaning over, and the inertness
> Of hills is a kind of waiting.[20]

Or again, in the poem *In My Thirtieth Year*, the poet, looking back over his past, says he has come upon "this place,"

> By voices, by the creak and fall
> Of footsteps on the upper floor,
> By silence waiting in the hall
> Between the door-bell and the door,
> By words, by voices, a lost way—
> And here above the chimney stack
> The unknown constellations sway—
> And by what way shall I go back?[21]

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near.

[20] *Poems: 1924-1933*, p. 34.

[21] *Streets in the Moon* (New York, 1926), p. 13.

Within the compass of these eight lines it will be seen that most of the thematic elements we have suggested are skilfully interwoven; the deep undercurrent of the inexplicable in life, of "a lost way"; the mystery of "silence" in the interval "between the door-bell and the door"; the apparent inconsequence of "words" and "voices" beneath the sway of "unknown constellations"; and finally, the suspense with which the intention of the poem is caught up at the end and projected in the question of the last line:

> And by what way shall I go back?

Even in his longer poems, MacLeish accomplishes and sustains a suspension of both explicit meaning and emotional response. Thus, in his *Hamlet* we come repeatedly upon such passages as the following:

> Night after night I lie like this listening.
> Night after night I cannot sleep. I wake
> Knowing something, thinking something has happened.
> I have this feeling a great deal. I have
> Sadness often. At night I have this feeling.
> Waking I feel this pain as though I knew
> Something not to be thought of, something unbearable.[22]

And at the close, the only conclusion the reader is vouchsafed is the uneasy verdict of an earlier Hamlet:

> Thou wouldst not think
> How ill all's here about my heart.

V

In light of the function which the associations of silence perform within MacLeish's verse, it is not surprising that he should rely explicitly on these associations in his definitions of poetry in *Ars Poetica.* Notice that each of the following images turns upon a specific connotation of silence:

> A poem should be palpable and *mute*
> As a globed fruit
> *Dumb*
> As old medallions to the thumb
> *Silent* as the sleeve-worn stone
> Of casement ledges where the moss has grown—
> A poem should be *wordless*
> As the flight of birds.

[22] *Op. cit.*, p. 10.

In these tense and neatly balanced similes, MacLeish is clearly not defining what poetry is, but rather adumbrating the psychological effect which poetry should have. What he is attempting to elicit, of course, is the sense of perfect satisfaction or repose which should attend the reading of a poem in which the unique quality of the poet's experience has been aptly conceived and successfully communicated. In such a poem the effect is always total, as with a metaphor, and once this totality of effect, or unity of impression, has been made upon the reader, the individual words of the poem are forgotten. The significance of what is expressed becomes disembodied of its verbal setting; it is "wordless as the flight of birds"; it is assimilated within the recipient's consciousness, an instant revelation of something timeless, ageless, eternal in import, palpably felt like the tactile luxury of handling "globed fruit," and yet something so essentially and finally realized that nothing more can be said of it. It is simply contemplated as one might look upon the pattern of "old medallions"; its meaning having been grasped, it is fixed or arrested, like the beauty of a statue, and hence remains "silent as the sleeve-worn stone of casement ledges."

Moreover, as he goes on to suggest in his remaining definitions, the movement of imaginative and emotional attention is a matter of progressive revelation within a poem—during the reading, if you will—like the movement of the moon releasing "twig by twig the night entangled trees," and this revelation works upon the level of reminiscence,

> Leaving, as the moon behind the winter leaves,
> Memory by memory the mind.

But when the revelation is complete, the reading done, the impression of the poem as a whole is constant, "motionless in time." Lastly, the significance of a poem is unique, self-authenticating, final. It never has recourse to any extrinsic criterion of understanding. It should speak, as it were, immediately from the subjective consciousness of the reader, as though he himself were undergoing the actual experience out of which the poem was born. Thus

> A poem should be equal to
> Not true
> A poem should not mean
> But be.

THE PLACE OF ART IN PLATO'S IDEAL STATE

Sir Patrick Duncan

THE passages in the *Republic* in which Plato imposes restrictions on the exercise of the artistic faculty—more especially on poets—in the ideal State, have called for much explanation and some criticism from his commentators. It has seemed difficult to reconcile Plato as we know him from his writings, richly endowed as he was with the imagination of the poet, and with a supreme gift of dramatic creation and literary expression, with the attitude towards art and literature which he makes Socrates adopt in the *Republic*. There, as it would seem, the only value to be found in art, or at any rate in literature and music, is in the extent to which it directly reinforces the moral code of which the ideal State is the expression. Art, in other words, must be didactic, and must not exhibit or present any situation or character from which a moral lesson cannot directly be drawn. Beyond that it is to be strictly banned.

The attack on art proceeds along various lines. First, there is the criticism of the poets in regard to their accounts of the gods. There are the old stories of Ouranos and Kronos, the oldest and greatest of them; there is Homer with his account of Zeus sending lying dreams to men, quarrelling with his subordinate deities, overcome by sexual desire, of the intrigues of Ares and Aphrodite and the inextinguishable laughter which their detection aroused in high heaven, of Ares coming down to the Trojan battlefield and retiring under the threat of a human hero. Is it possible, says Socrates, to allow the youth of our ideal State, who are to be trained to defend and to rule it, to read and hear such stories about the gods and yet to maintain undefiled the moral principles on which our State is founded? How can we hope that they will have scruples about acting in their own lives as the greatest of the gods are said to act by the poets to whom they are taught to look as their educators?

To appreciate this criticism correctly, it is necessary to realize the place which the poets, and especially Homer, occupied in the education of the Athenian youth. The reading and recitation of the Homeric poems constituted a great part of the liberal education of the time, and it is clear from references in Plato and elsewhere that, in popular estimation, these poets were regarded as something

like authorities for the guidance of young men who aspired to distinction in public life or military service. There was for the Athenian youth no Book or Institution proclaiming a moral law based on divine authority. Can we wonder that Plato, in founding his ideal State, based on Justice and the eternal values in knowledge and conduct, should hesitate about leaving Homer and the poets as the sole preceptors of the youth who were to guide the State? He does not deny, but repeatedly acknowledges, the charm which the incomparable art of these poets exercised upon him and others. That only made them the more attractive and, in so far as they exhibited a wrong view of life, the more dangerous. His remedy is to expel them altogether from his State or to subject them to such a censorship, as we should call it, as would leave only those passages or characters from which a direct inculcation of right conduct could be drawn. This applies specially to the non-moral or immoral representations of the gods, but also to descriptions of the existence of the soul after death. Many of these could only create an unwholesome fear of death in men who, if they are to do their duty to the State, must be willing to face death in defence of freedom and right.

Plato does not conceal his reluctance to criticize Homer, whom he had learned from childhood to admire (*Rep.* 595B). But personal predilections must give way in the interests of truth. Again, in *Rep.* 607B, he pleads, in extenuation of his attitude, an old-standing feud between poets and philosophers. This feud, however, would seem to have been a two-sided affair. The poets accused the philosophers of doing away with the gods and of rationalizing the world on purely materialistic lines, as, for example, Aristophanes does in the *Clouds*. There is also a reference in the *Laws*, XII. 967C, which seems to allude to similar complaints on the part of the poets. The philosophers, on the other hand, condemned the representations of the gods in the older poets, much as Plato does in the *Republic*. Xenophanes, for example, says that Homer and Hesiod ascribe to the gods all actions which, among men, are counted base and blameworthy. Xenophanes, being concerned in propounding a system of philosophy, is free to condemn the whole anthropomorphic conception of the gods. Lions, oxen, or horses, he says, if they could write or draw as men do, would have created gods in their own image. Plato, being concerned here with the founding of a Greek city, does not go so far. But we cannot suppose

that, from a philosophic point of view, his objections to the Homeric representations of the gods would have been confined to those which he puts into the mouth of Socrates in these passages. We cannot suppose that his conception of the Divine nature would tolerate Homer's picture of the ordinary life of the Olympian Gods, even with all its anecdotes of sensual and immoral conduct carefully excised. The gods in Homer are a very human family. They eat and drink, have family quarrels, go feasting with the blameless Ethiopians, sleep and are wakened by the Dawn when she rises from her couch to bring the light of day to gods and men. We cannot suppose that either Socrates or Plato took this picture very seriously. But in this dialogue Socrates is being made to design the ideal Greek city, and Plato, perhaps mindful that non-recognition of the Athenian Gods was one of the charges on which Socrates had been condemned to death, will not let him lay too iconoclastic a hand on the accepted theology. So for this new State he will not have poets who represent the gods as falling short of the best code of human morality, or who represent heroic figures as giving way to unworthy emotions. Otherwise the youth who look to these poets as their educators will be in danger of moral depravation.

This is his first line of attack on the poets. It is not without a parallel in the protests which we hear today against the depraving influence on our uneducated youth of the shows of the cinema, pandering to its love of excitement by pictures of the gangster or the gun-ruffian, or to its crude sentimentality by vulgar love scenes. If our youth had to look to the cinema show as their main source of instruction on life and morals, we should expect similar demands for a rigid censorship, or for total exclusion, as are urged by Socrates here against the poets.

This first line of attack on the poets is strictly in accordance with the traditional Greek conception of the function of poetry. In Greece the poets and sculptors had carried their art to its supreme height of achievement before the philosophers and critics had formulated any theory as to the relations of the arts to other intellectual interests. It was only when the high light of the greatest period of the arts had begun to wane that philosophy was led to turn its attention away from attempts to find a scientific explanation of the universe, to investigate the problems of thought and judgment, and the social and political organization of human

society. Till then, the conventional view of poets and their works was what we find in the *Republic*. Their function was either to produce pleasurable emotions or to serve as instructors. In the former capacity they were, in the Platonic scheme of things, instruments of doubtful and dangerous potency. In the role of instructors, the moral philosopher naturally felt bound to exercise careful scrutiny on the principles which their works were likely to inculcate.

But Plato in the *Republic* is not content with asserting the conventional view of the poetic art. In Book x he opens a second line of attack, based on his interpretation of the meaning of Art in general and its place in the scheme of human activities. Art, he says, is an imitation (*μίμησις*) and therefore a third remove from truth and reality. Already in Book III he had recorded his objection to the mimetic side of poetry, i.e., where the poet leaves the direct narrative style to introduce characters speaking for themselves, or where, as in the dramatic poets, the whole art consists in the presentation of characters professing to be and acting as individual men and women. Our Guardians must not be accustomed to put themselves in the position of all sorts of people—acting, too, sometimes in a manner which the good man could not but condemn. The mimetic art itself is destructive of stability of character, such as we wish to see in our Guardians. Everyone must have his proper function, not be a dabbler in all sorts of interests. The Guardians, therefore, must not engage in or imitate other activities, or, if they do, they must from childhood imitate characters exhibiting courage, restraint, piety, freedom, avoiding anything low or dishonourable lest they become infected with those qualities.

In Book x he sets out to find a philosophical ground for his attack on mimetic art. We get the famous analogy of the painter and the couch. There are, according to this argument, in nature two couches—one the ideal couch or "couchness" created by God and existing eternally, then the individual couch, made by the artisan, embodying as far as possible in perishable material the ideal. The painter who paints the picture of a couch is a mere imitator of the work of the artisan, and his work is thus a third remove from reality. The maker of a couch or of any instrument is guided by the use or purpose which it is to serve, in other words, by the idea or form. The painter or artistic imitator knows nothing

of that, but produces something intended to deceive the spectator, and make him think he is looking at a couch when, in fact, he is only looking at lines and colours on a plane surface. His art, therefore, does not ally itself to the thinking, calculating, measuring powers of the soul, in other words, to the reasoning part of it, but to the side of it which is attracted by pleasurable illusions. Mimetic art, therefore, takes the side of falsehood as against truth, of illusion as against reality.

It cannot be said that the analogy of the painter and the couch carries the case much farther as a criticism of art. The painter who paints a couch, if he is a serious artist, does not intend that his picture should serve the purpose of a couch, or should mislead the spectator into thinking it to be an actual couch. The argument, therefore, that the couch in the picture is the third remove from truth and reality is not relevant as against him or his art. The skill of the painter who painted fruit so realistically that the birds came and pecked at it may have been admired for its cleverness, but would not in itself have great artistic significance. The painter's couch, if his art is more than a mere illusionist trick, is part of a scheme of presentation which aims at another form of truth and beauty, not measurable in terms of the εἶδα or form of the couch, and having no relation at all to the art of the couch-maker.

A somewhat similar argument—without its attempted philosophical basis—is used against the poets: that they are mere describers or imitators, not doers. If Homer, for example, who is looked to as the educator of the youth, really understood the virtues and good qualities which he describes in his heroes, why has he left no name as a law-giver for cities, or as the founder of a "way of life" like Pythagoras? Is it not because, just like the painter of the couch, he is a mere imitator or illusionist, having no knowledge of the real nature of the actions or qualities which he describes, and unable to mould the minds of men to reproduce them in the affairs of ordinary life?

A third line of attack on the mimetic type of art, more especially on the drama, is based on its tendency to weaken the moral fibre of those who find pleasure in it (see, for example, Book x, 605, *et passim*). The dramatic poet prefers to "imitate" or present, not the simple strength of the good man faced with misfortune, disdaining to ask for sympathy or give way to grief, but the extremes of emotion in which the weak man indulges himself. He

presents an heroic figure overwhelmed in some tragic situation, evoking our emotions of pity, and we derive a certain pleasure in giving way to the emotions aroused by this vicarious suffering. But this very pleasure weakens our powers of endurance in our own troubles, and leads men to give way to emotions of grief and pity which should be left to women. We have in us a natural craving to indulge our emotions over our troubles, emotions which, if we are to quit ourselves like men, we have forcibly to restrain. That craving the tragic poet plays up to and satisfies, and we love to let ourselves go over the spectacle which he presents, of a man claiming to be good who gives way to unseemly grief. Only the exceptional man can reason that our own dispositions are influenced by what we see in others, and that our own power of self-control is weakened if we allow a strong feeling of pity to be aroused by the presentment of others struck by misfortune.

The Comic stage is open to a similar condemnation. We enjoy laughing at things done on the comic stage which we might be tempted to do ourselves but would be restrained by feelings of shame. But we find pleasure in seeing such conduct on the stage and this unconsciously undermines our own standards of conduct, just as the indulgence of the emotions of pity offered to us by the Tragic stage does. And so, generally, the effect on us of poetic representation (*μίμησις*) of character is to stimulate the appetitive and emotional side of the soul instead of starving (*αὐχμεῖς*) it, and to give it sway over the better and reasonable part.

It must be admitted that the danger which Plato has in mind in this third line of attack is one to which the dramatic art then was and always is exposed. The poet and his players have to please the crowd—in Plato's words "the mob and crowd of all sorts of people collected in the theatres" (604E). What they want is not the calm, dignified situation, but a scene of emotion and sensationalism. To take a witness from a later age, the poet and the player are tempted to debase their art, as Hamlet says, to "split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise." Even if we allow to the audience for whom the Attic dramatists wrote a higher degree of artistic appreciation than Shakespeare found in the pit of the Elizabethan theatre, it is clear that Plato saw in the art of his day, more especially the dramatic art, a grave declension from high standards, analogous to and springing from

the same root as that which the growth of democracy was bringing about in public affairs.

On this point we have confirmation from another observer of the same school of conservatism, the poet Aristophanes. His denunciation of the dramatic art of his day, as personified in Euripides, is severe to the extent of savagery. He holds up to merciless ridicule and contempt the tragic stage, debased from the high plane of Aeschylus and Sophocles to a scene of vulgar emotionalism. Characters are exhibited, with no regard for moral issues, merely for the sensational effect of some actions of daring or wickedness or some situation of desperate misery. Novel stage effects are introduced to heighten the emotional appeal. These, of course, are the familiar accents of the eternal protest of the older generation against the innovations of its successor. But they enable us to appreciate more clearly the condemnation passed by Plato on the dramatic art, based as it is, more on a criticism of the stage of his day than on a philosophic valuation of Art, as such, in its place as an activity of the human soul.

After all allowance is made for natural criticism of a noticeable decline in the quality of the arts, as justifying or at least explaining an adverse view of their influence on the morals of the people, there remains in Plato's desire to exclude or severely restrain the poetic art in the ideal State, an element which shows that he had not arrived at a valuation of the function of Art which would justify for it a place in his scheme of moral philosophy. It is not that he is insensible to the influences on the mind of the revelation by the arts of beauty and order in its outward surroundings. We may recall the well-known passage (401B and ff.) where he says that poets and craftsmen of every sort must avoid in their work all that is evil-minded, unrestrained, mean, and ill-ordered, and will only be received if they are capable of following out the tracks of beauty and proportion in their works. These will be for the youth, as it were, a healthy climate, from which will come, through eye and ear, health-giving influences, as from winds blowing over good lands, and from childhood unconsciously he will grow into likeness and love and harmony with the high and beautiful rule of life. To music he ascribes the leading place in this process, because rhythm and tune penetrate most deeply into the soul and move it most strongly. One so brought up will be the quickest to discern the bad and inferior type, and will hate and avoid every-

thing base and ugly while still young and before he is able to understand a reasoned account of it. When he is of an age to hear the argument for the nobler life, he will gladly receive it because his nature has already been moulded on those lines.

The poetry which aims merely at pleasurable effects, and the poetry of the drama, are, for the reasons which he has given, under grave suspicion, and on the face of it ineligible as factors in this noble scheme of education. But even so, the sentence of exclusion is not final. We are all conscious, says Socrates (607C, *et passim*) of how these poets, especially Homer, carry us away by the charm of their art, and if some advocate for them can be found, not himself a poet, and not using the seduction of metre, to convince us that their art is not merely pleasant, but a useful adjunct in the government of men and in the conduct of life, we shall be glad of it. If he cannot make a good case for them, we shall listen to this art with all caution, repeating to ourselves as a charm or invocation all that we have learned about its dangers, so that we be not led by it to indulgence in the mob emotions. We shall listen to it (he repeats) in this spirit, that it is not to be our serious interest, as if it were an earnest approach to truth, but guarding ourselves as listeners, fearing its effect on our own inner government. There is the danger. The supreme good for man is the good life—the prize in a great contest, harder than men realize, but such as to make it worth our while not to be so engrossed by public honours or by wealth or by great office or even by the charm of poetry, as to neglect justice and virtue (608B). The danger is that, listening to the poetry which aims only at giving pleasure, we may allow mere sensuous enjoyment to get the better of that reasonable control which should be the ruler in the soul, or that, attracted by dramatic presentations, on or off the stage, of men or women crushed beyond endurance by calamity, we may give the rein, in meeting with troubles of our own, to a weak emotionalism. The man whose mind has been nurtured in those health-giving climates of beauty and order will be able, at first by natural instinct, and afterwards on grounds of reason and principle, to reject what is merely ephemeral or vulgar. But still in the hard contest of life these influences will always be a snare and a hindrance in the race for the great prize of the good life.

We have here the old and still active feud of art and morality. And the charge against art is entered by one who was keenly

sensitive to the beauty of verse and music and was himself one of the world's great artists in literary composition and in dramatic representation. But he will not allow the charm of art, even of Homer himself, to beguile him from the truth as he sees it (595C–607C). The picture in the *Phaedrus* of the human soul-chariot with its ill-matched pair of horses is the basis of his moral philosophy. For him, the one thing of value in this temporal scene is that godlike element in the soul of man which impels him to a vision of the eternal realities of truth, beauty, and goodness. In its embodied state the soul is thwarted and marred by the desires of the flesh and by the illusions which impose themselves upon it from the vain shows and transient unrealities of the sense world. How is it to be helped in its difficult and broken ascent to the light by an art which panders to its love of pleasure, or displays to it a picture of life featuring the ordinary human relationships of emotion and passion not adjusted to or corrected by any scale of real values? That was the question to which he found no satisfying answer. And so until some such answer could be offered for it, he barred that type of art from his ideal city, crowning the poet with the garlands of honour and respect, but having no place for him within its walls.

Before we dismiss the appeal of the artist against this sentence of banishment, we may be allowed to consider more carefully his defence. Has mimetic art, we may ask, no share in the creation of this health-giving atmosphere of beauty, harmony, and order? Is it only to be admitted in its presentation of life if it resolutely turns its back on everything that is ugly, cruel, sinful? That such things exist and are a significant element in human life is not to be denied. Must the true artist or poet ignore them? May he not express, even in the apparent victory of evil, a deeper sense of beauty and order, an opening in the cloud through which a vision of the eternal beauty and order is brought home to the soul of the understanding observer? We have examples in the greatest Greek dramas where overwhelming tragedy leads through to final reconciliation. In the greatest of all—the trilogy of Aeschylus—the tragedy of the *Agamemnon* leads to the solution of the *Eumenides*. In the great Sophoclean trilogy Oedipus the King, from apparently irretrievable disaster, wins through to peace at Kolonos. Is it not indeed the criterion of high art, whether in poetry or drama or fiction or painting, that its presentation of

vice or misery or misfortune attracts us only in so far as the artist can convey, directly or by necessary implication, a sense of abiding values, beyond and above the naked incidents of the story, or the repellent features of the picture? There need be no conventional "happy ending," no *deus ex machina* to bridge the gulf. The curtain may fall, or the story may end, in sheer tragedy. The canvas may depict a face or a scene that superficially seems ugly. But if the work of art is to have real meaning for us, in other words, if it is to be a permanent human interest—an "eternal possession" as Thucydides claimed for his work—and not merely an ephemeral curiosity, it must have in it some quality which carries the mind beyond the actual scene of misery, failure, or the apparent triumph of evil, and links it with those emotions and realizations in which the soul of man feels itself most securely and permanently at home.

If Plato had not been so deeply and painfully impressed by what he regarded as the degenerate and degrading influences in the art, especially the dramatic art of his day, he would probably have given more attention to this aspect of the defence of art. As it was, it was left to Aristotle, whose works show little sign in their composition of poetic or literary genius, to enunciate a more profound appreciation of the true scope and function of the tragic drama. In his treatise on Poetry he traces all art to its origin in the craving and capacity of human nature for imitation or representation. All art is mimetic, and the word for him has no disparaging associations as it has for Plato. It is the natural use and exercise of a peculiarly human faculty. And the function of the tragic drama is, by arousing our emotions of pity and fear, to bring about a purgation or purification of these emotions. Equally with Plato, he would condemn productions which, in the name of art, represent what is merely shocking or sensational or depraved. But in an analysis more penetrating than that of Plato, he found for the artistic imagination a high place in the endowments of the human spirit. In his analysis of the poetic art he adopts the same word as Plato had used to describe the function of Art. All the arts—even music—work through imitation. The word is, perhaps, unfortunate. But in Aristotle's analysis the word has a much wider significance than that in which Plato used it to condemn the artist as a mere copyist. The dramatic or epic poet, for instance, according to Aristotle, imitates or depicts human character and

action more philosophically than the historian who describes individual persons and events. The poet deals, not with particular events more or less loosely strung together, but with the fundamental universal aspects of human life and character exhibited in the course of a narrative or drama constructed on a definite self-contained scheme. That the events described or the situations exhibited on the stage may never have happened in real life is of no consequence, so long as they are presented in a unity of character and action and move us to emotions which are essentially human. Viewed in this light, the art of the poet and the dramatist is not adequately described as a mere "imitation" of characters or events. It works towards its own end and produces at its best an emotional effect which leads to the emancipation and not to the enslavement of the human spirit.

It would take us beyond the scope of this paper to examine more closely the Aristotelian conception of the function of poetry and fine art.

But Plato, in the constitution of his ideal City, was not primarily concerned with an explanation of the significance of Art. We must always remember that Plato had been a spectator of the downfall of the Athenian democracy—a state where the freedom of the individual citizen, and the direct exercise of his influence on the conduct of public affairs, had been the ruling principle to an extent never known before or since. Born soon after the death of Pericles, under whom the Athenian state had grown to a splendour of achievement, and whose speech in praise of free government is one of the world's landmarks, he had witnessed its rapid decline and final disaster. Looking back over this national tragedy, he found the cause in this very freedom which had been the glory of the city. It was, in his view, founded on no basis of principle. Every man was as good as another, intolerant of all control, the teacher and the pupil, the parent and the child, the grown man and the youth, the husband and the wife. In matters of morals, of taste, of opinion, there was no appeal against the fashionable whim of the day. Popular approval was the only test of value. And so the guidance of the State was in the hands of any orator who could carry with him the vote of the crowd, as if in a ship the helm should be in charge of anyone who, for the time, could command the support of a majority of the ship's company, whether or not he had any real knowledge of navigation.

It is in the light of this experience, as I think, that we must look at Plato's conception of an ideal City which should be ruled, not by the vote of the uninstructed citizen, swayed by mass emotion, but by the philosopher. By that he means, not the bookworm, or the recluse of the study, but the man who, through the stress of practical life, has kept his mental outlook fixed on the realities and the true values, undistracted by the ephemeral lights of the passing show. But in that City he has failed to find a place for Art, and the free exercise of powers which it demands. He fears the fascination which, especially in the form of music and poetry, it exercises over the human soul. He sees in that fascination a power which may open the gates of the citadel and admit the forces of uncontrolled freedom which bring with them disaster.

It is clear from many references in the dialogues of Plato, even in the *Republic* itself, that he was keenly susceptible to the beauties of poetry, and especially to music, and was by no means bound to a narrowly didactic view of their influence. It was, therefore, no lack of appreciation on his part of the influence of the arts, that led him to provide so stringent a censorship for his ideal City. But in that City, where everyone below the philosopher rulers was inexorably bound to a particular function, he could find no place for the unfettered imagination of the artist and the poet. They might be useful in inculcating and reinforcing the moral principles on which the City is to be built. But that task he knows will not satisfy them, and so regretfully he will send them on their way crowned with tokens of admiration but closing behind them the gates of his City.

VARIATIONS IN CANADIAN LANDSCAPE PAINTING

DONALD W. BUCHANAN

THE first sign of a really popular interest in our more original landscape painters, the first indication that the reading public had a taste for descriptions of new trends in Canadian painting, came about two years after F. B. Housser had published his book *A Canadian Art Movement* (1926). The book sold slowly at first, then more rapidly and was soon being widely read. Mr Housser, who was a financial editor, had written an account in an easy, journalistic style of how Lawren Harris and A. Y. Jackson and the others in the Group of Seven, scorning the dullness of academic painting, had launched an art movement in which bright colours and decorative patterns replaced the gray skies and naturalist landscapes favoured by the Dutch and Barbizon schools. This story of the Group of Seven had many facets to attract the layman. There was romance in the life of Tom Thomson, who had been a ranger in Algonquin Park and had painted the wilderness with an intense concentration upon its bolder aspects. Also, A. Y. Jackson had expressed the gospel of nationalism; Jackson who, in letters and in an occasional public address, had insisted that Canadian painters in their work must understand that the atmosphere, the colours, the four changes of season, were different in this country from elsewhere.

This is not the place for an analysis of Housser's book, itself. How much he, for example, had to do with promoting the more legendary aspects of the career of Tom Thomson is open to question. The book, in any event, was in the nature of a chronicle; it should not, strictly speaking, be classified as art criticism. As for the amazing tale of the really vituperative quarrel that afterwards broke out between members of the Royal Canadian Academy and the Group of Seven, that need not be related here, except perhaps to recall, for those who forget, that the debate even reached the floor of Parliament.

In retrospect, what it is important to remember is that the leaders of the Group of Seven, when they first began to exhibit together, were imbued, as I have written elsewhere, "with a moral purpose almost, their object the depiction, in bald, simple outlines, of Canadian landscape as they felt Canadians should see it." This

was a declaration of nationalism to which they tried to adhere as a stern principle of action. That is what makes their work significant to most observers. Yet they were also professed innovators in colour, line, and pattern. "We frankly abandoned our attempts at literal painting and treated our subjects with the freedom of the decorative designer—we tried to emphasize colour, line and pattern even if need be at the sacrifice of atmospheric qualities." So spoke Jackson. Note especially what he says about the sacrifice of atmosphere. In that, he was not reacting directly from the Dutch and Barbizon schools of naturalism; he had never painted in that way himself, but he had been an impressionist and it was the qualities of that technique which he was willing to sacrifice. Maurice Cullen (1866-1930) was the first painter to introduce impressionism into Canada; he applied pigments to his canvases in small strokes of varied tints which merged at a distance into a rainbow diffused composition. Jackson had followed this method; so had J. E. H. MacDonald, and even Tom Thomson, to a slight extent, in his first canvases. They began, I think consciously, to depart from it only towards the end of the war period of 1914-18. It was a trend, a reaction, which had already manifested itself in many other countries.

The drawbacks of this technique were obvious. Its transitory effects, its emphasis on atmosphere, did not give the artist a chance to concentrate on design or formal construction. Years before in France, Cézanne and Seurat had explored one new route, called post-impressionism. Others, namely the Fauves, including for a brief period Derain and Matisse, had about 1904 proclaimed the virtues of undivided colours and exuberant line. These men had seen and admired the works of Van Gogh; they emphasized the pattern of trees, of boats, of houses and clouds, by broad strokes of pure colour. Matisse was later to proceed even further in freeing colour and line from naturalism and representation.

The Group of Seven never progressed in the direction of Matisse, but they had certain points of similarity with the Fauve movement as a whole. They used pure colour in somewhat the same way and they thought of landscape in terms of pattern; but by temperament they were more confined—their line remained usually more rigid, their pattern less exuberant. Indeed, with the exception of MacDonald one simply does not think of applying the word exuberance to their work at all. Yet MacDonald in a few of his paintings,

Stooks on John Voelzing Farm by Carl Schaefer

Courtesy of Ferragil Gallery and *New World* Illustrated

THE POOL, CONTOURS BY DAVID B. MILNE

Courtesy of the National Gallery of Canada
and the *Canadian Geographical Journal*

despite certain noticeably sombre passages, did achieve this excited handling of colour in rhythmic lines. One can instance "Gleams on the Hills," now in the collection of the National Gallery, or "October Shower Gleam" from Hart House, University of Toronto. Some of his last canvases, nevertheless, are unexpectedly static.

MacDonald died in 1932. Were any of his associates or admirers among the younger artists to proceed from where he had stopped, that is towards still more flowing line and luxuriant pattern? Few seem to have so ventured. In fact a certain restraint, even harshness, continues to characterize much of our art. On the other hand, among the older painters sympathetic to the Group, Emily Carr of Victoria does manage a more expressive style year by year.[1] In her hands, foliage and trees swing into sinuous mobility. But she is an exception. Whether for good or bad, it is not the approach of MacDonald, it is instead the principle of bright frank colour, quite another aspect of the work of the Group, which remains as the most prevalent influence. In both the Royal Canadian Academy, once the shrine of those pale Dutch skies, and in the Canadian Group of Painters, which was formed in 1933 after the disbandment of the Group of Seven, we see countless landscapes commonplace in conception but flamboyant enough in pigment. Triumphant colour, employed without subtlety, has led much of contemporary Canadian landscape painting into a blind alley of mediocrity.

Where shall we look then for significant trends? Emily Carr might be studied more closely, but for the purposes of this article we shall limit ourselves to two artists, Carl Schaefer and David B. Milne.[2] These two men have certainly eschewed all false emphasis on mere brightness of colour. As for Milne, his work gives evidence of a much more highly personal point of view than has been common hitherto. In addition, the paintings of Schaefer illustrate very definitely the possibilities of regionalism.

[1]The lyrical approach of F. H. Varley is not quite the same. He was always the most luminous of the Seven in his handling of pigment, particularly in his greens, a colour which the others never saw in such varied lights. He now gives us these same qualities heightened in his renderings of the misty, moisture-bedecked mountains of the Pacific Coast. He has also, less fortunately, taken to employing colour symbolism, of a peculiar Rosicrucian variety, in figure studies, with and without landscape.

[2]Had space permitted we might profitably have mentioned the equally original painting of two or three others, notably Marc Fortin and Jack Humphrey.

Schaefer, while not misunderstanding the purposes of his first teachers, the Group of Seven, has yet preferred to forget the more severe strains of their nationalism. He wants to paint only what he knows well—scenes that are part of his background of birth, of upbringing, of work and understanding. That is why nearly all his best landscapes have been done within a day's ride of Hanover, Ontario, his home-town, where (after teaching in the winter in Toronto) he usually goes to paint in the summer months. As a student, at the Ontario College of Art from 1921 to 1924, Schaefer worked under J. E. H. MacDonald and Arthur Lismer. From his earliest style of painting, he still retains a certain rudeness in drawing, and also some mannerisms such as tree-tops that spread out to form what a carping critic might call upright broom sticks. These are superficialities, easy enough to imitate, but as angularities of style, they should not distract us altogether from what he is trying to accomplish. Let us look at his mass of water-colours, done, two-thirds of them at least, in Bruce and Grey Counties in Western Ontario. They are first of all documentation. Here are rail-fences, rolling fields of wheat and oats, typical farmhouses, patches of wooded knolls, a stone school-house, rural cemeteries. They are painted simply, without sentiment or show. Unlike some of the compositions of MacDonald and Lismer, you do not think of them often as courageous patterns. You admire them usually for other reasons. In their dryness of form and line, in their restrained use of colour (although crisply gay greens tempered with strong yellows can be used with emphasis by Schaefer when he wishes), in their almost obstinate repetition of what might be thought commonplace subjects—frugal, profit-earning woodlots, broad but not limitless expanses of grain, scattering of trees along the edge of a meadow, the monotonous roll of field and hillock in a pleasant, but far from spectacular countryside—you are presented with a realism that is new in contemporary Canadian painting. As for influences, Schaefer is above all an admirer of the elder Breughal, and I suppose his favourite painting is that artist's "Harvesters at Rest," now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. Schaefer, settling down in his studio to do a large canvas, has at least once or twice created broad panoramas of rural landscape after the manner of Breughal. There is one, for example, of Hanover, and its surroundings, a great panel with roads, telephone lines, fields in various stages of cultivation, streams, woods, the

buildings of the town in one corner. Yet, unlike Breughal, no figures, no farmers at work, no life on the road,—a lack perhaps, a limit certainly to the ultimate possibilities of his art.

This only describes what Schaefer has done in the past. What he has been concentrating upon in the last year is quite different. He has been painting more and more still life, fruit and vegetables on a table, or for variation, flowers and vegetables in a basket. The reason? Well, Schaefer modestly admits that he wants to paint better and that a little study and experiment won't hurt. He adds that Canadian artists too often go ahead with what they have in talent and training, begin to piece together compositions, to search out likely subjects, to leap into the rush of making pictures without stopping to meditate or to recapitulate aesthetic purposes.

So he studies still-life, in fact helps organize a show of still-life by himself and other artists. This summer he has gone to the United States on a Guggenheim fellowship, the first to have been awarded to a Canadian artist, and he will have twelve months, free of other cares, in which to study, to paint, to experiment as he wishes.

Casually considered, David B. Milne does not seem much like Schaefer. Yet the two men are united in many beliefs, not the least of which is the conviction that an artist must make up his mind that aesthetic purpose comes first, that you must act on something besides a mere search for the pictorial subject, or the well-taught cultivation of a fashionable mode of painting. Otherwise Milne is much different from Schaefer. He has been inclined to free colour from representation; also his landscapes are entirely devoid of social overtones. As I wrote five or six years ago, when I first studied his work, "Milne, although he never went to Paris to study and has always been content with his little rural villages in upper New York State or in Ontario, has produced, through a mere attempt to be himself, delicate, sweetly logical landscapes of barns and wide-porched farmhouses, of water-lilies in enamel wash-basins on deal tables, that remind one neither of barn-dances nor Mr Hepburn, but rather of the bitter tang, the quick dry vitality, of French vermouth."

Born in Bruce County, Ontario, not far from where Schaefer grew up (although the two painters never met until recently), Milne taught school for a while in Canada; then he studied at the Art Students' League in New York City. In exhibitions there he was

able to see most of the exciting experiments in modern art, the contrasts of broad colour masses in Gauguin, the vivid handling of pigment by Van Gogh, and also works by Matisse and Rouault in the famous Armories show of 1913. Incidentally in the American section of that collection there was a painting by Milne himself which the jury had selected.

As a young man, his first really individual work was in water-colours. He played with the idea of making aesthetic use of these white areas of paper that remain naturally enough in your compositions when you employ this medium. The white patches, enlarged, were contrasted by him with black washes; this he called a period of "open and shut spaces," a general conception which he was to develop later in his oils. Such experiments, based on the desire to make his paintings instantly readable, that is immediately stimulating to the eye of the spectator, occupied him for many years.

Since his return to Canada in 1928, both Timagami and Muskoka have been his home. As for the agricultural countryside, he claims that one of the happiest episodes in his career was the year or so he spent in Palgrave, Ontario, a small village, where he took as his subjects the barns and fields, the cluster of small houses, the water-tank and the railway, and the flooded pond with its stumps of dead trees. As a painter of Canadian landscape he stands apart. Pre-occupied with his own aesthetic problems, he partakes in no wise of the tradition of a school or an academy. Looking back over his work, one can say that his earlier landscapes were created within a certain unyielding compartment of dry severe colouring and sure, keen, but stylized drawing, but that today his colour range has widened, his paint flows and his drawing is freer. He no longer relies so noticeably upon black or darkish values, and whites, for contrast of shapes and spaces. He may scrub in, for instance, in the place of the white patches, areas of transparent blue or dull yellow. As for the hues which he uses for minor emphasis—the greens, touches of purple perhaps, reds and violets in the outline of trees and fields and the edges of clouds in the sky—they no longer stand out so separately. They begin to merge easily with the rest of the painting. The water-colours and oils he did during the period when he lived alone in a shack in Muskoka, that was after he left Palgrave, show the first evidences of really vivid hues; those done during the last year in Toronto, mostly based on urban street scenes, demonstrate fully the freedom he is now obtaining.

The rhythmic handling of pigment has not been the approach of Milne, as it was with J. E. H. MacDonald. He began more with the cool calculation of a colourist who balances and decorates spaces. But in his recent work he has come closer in practice than has any Canadian artist since James Wilson Morrice, to a realization of a certain personal conviction, common enough in modern art, that a painting is a drawing, simplified, speeded up, to increase aesthetic feeling. The difficulty is to sustain in the construction of a studio canvas the intensity of the quickly executed sketch. That was Morrice's problem, and that is Milne's, too. Milne, as the Fauves before him in France, saw how Van Gogh had been able to do this and admires him for it. "That is where Van Gogh has excelled," he explains, "about the one thing he has so far as I can discover, the ability to come through at the highest pitch." And he adds, "The thing that makes a picture is the thing that makes dynamite—compression."

What Milne brings to Canadian art has frankly nothing to do with the Group of Seven, although this does not distract him from admiring many paintings of A. Y. Jackson. His contribution is the principle that aesthetic response comes before subject-matter. Taken too literally by other painters this might prove to be an exaggeration, but as an indirect influence it is certainly valuable.

DRAMA IN SOPHOCLES' *OEDIPUS TYRANNUS*

E. T. Owen

I

TO appreciate a dramatist's skill one should keep one's finger on the pulse of the audience. For whatever may be his further purpose, his success in achieving it depends upon the success of his drama as a drama, and that upon its immediate effect on the audience's feelings. He must express his purpose in a story told in the language of his theatre, that is, through a performance that tells it clearly, convincingly, and *arrestingly*, to those particular spectators. These qualities are all essential to dramatic success; clarity and convincingness are necessary conditions, the arresting power is the artistic end.

It is easy to be distracted when dealing with ancient tragedy. There is so much to explain, there is so much we do not instinctively know, so many features that are strange and in our view ineffective. Thus in our commentaries the plays tend to figure chiefly as documents for the study of Greek life and thought. This treatment of them is right enough in itself, and should furnish us with what we need for a proper approach, for we cannot hope to follow the response of the ancient audience until we know what was in their minds. But having taken endless trouble to put ourselves as it were in the position of the original audience, we forget what we are there for and do not go on to look at the play. We should remember that much of what we use the plays to find was what the audience started from, what they did not think about, because it was in fact themselves, their point of view, that is, precisely, the point *from* which they began to view the plays, and that what they looked for in them was something comparable to what we get from our dramas: they enjoyed them, found them immediately exciting and enthralling, for the same sort of reasons and in the same sort of way. Therefore when we turn (as we should ultimately) from these preliminaries to the plays themselves, we should study them as vehicles for dramatic enjoyment, and everything else we may have learned should take its place as subservient to that end.

Also we come to Sophocles with notions of tragedy that the centuries have gathered, and read him with them in mind.

Sophocles' conception must have been very different; he had not read even Aristotle; and the fact that he composed, according to tradition, about one hundred tragedies would suggest that he took the task more or less in his stride and was unaware of the colossal responsibility imposed by the name of the thing and by his own name. Tragedy meant for him a particular type of composition to be performed on a particular occasion; anything composed in that form and for that festival was *ipso facto* a tragedy. There were, it is true, more than formal requirements. Poetry was a function of the state and an Athenian poet was expected to have something to say that was of benefit to the community. Tragedy was a public religious ceremony, and, besides its accepted efficacy as a ritual, it was supposed to supply moral and religious edification. This requirement has an important artistic bearing in that it established the type of story regarded as suitable for tragedy; that is, it was expected to be a story about gods and men, a story that illustrated in some way the gods' dealings with men. The religious orientation was necessary. It was not peculiar to an Aeschylus or a Sophocles. All tragedians were, willy-nilly, theologians. Thus the kind of story required undoubtedly offered an opportunity for profound minds to show their profundity, but the measure of it was an accident of individual endowment; a tragedy was not a tragedy because it was great and profound; it was a tragedy because its form and the occasion made it so. I say this because we are apt to ascribe a profound purpose to a tragedian as such, and talk about that as the hall-mark, the *sine qua non* of tragedy. We transfer to Sophocles' intention what Sophocles happened to be, whereas his conscious aim was conceivably, even probably, no more than so to engross his audience with his telling of a suitable story as to outdo his rivals and win the prize.

The greatness of a Sophoclean tragedy is of course due, ultimately, to the greatness of the poet's mind, but this would have been of no avail if he had not devoted it singleheartedly to the business of his art. A great play must be first and foremost a great *play*, that is, it must be composed to do its work as such; the controlling purpose in its actual composition is the business of the play. What do I mean by the business of the play? I emphatically do not mean just getting the story told, making it work out according to necessity or probability, supplying motives for the action to lull to sleep our suspicions of its reality; I mean telling

it so that one tense moment leads to another, so that the spectator's excitement is ever being aroused and satisfied simultaneously, held intent at every step and longing for the next, or, the same thing in a story, dreading it. This is the essence of drama-making, in any environment, by any means, for any purpose.[1]

If, then, we want to find out how the *Oedipus* creates the great impression it does, we should look for the explanation in the make-up of the play itself, not in an abstracted "idea of the drama." For proof of this one has only to read the many attempts to formulate its idea. However true they may be, they make it plain that what counts is not what the play means (in that sense) but what it is. Perhaps what I am trying to say is that the idea of the drama is the play itself, not something that can be extracted from it. It is just this combination of effects, through eye, ear, and mind, upon our emotions, and nothing else at all will express it. So in what follows I am not trying to sift out the idea of the play or get beyond it to Sophocles' mind or view of life, but simply noting how in a dramatic masterpiece the material has been handled to serve dramatic ends.

[1]I append two brief statements, the first from the *Times Literary Supplement* (Feb. 18, 1926), the second from C. E. Montague's *Dramatic Values*, which emphasize essentials of drama often overlooked in more pretentious writings:

"When we ask what it is that drama can do better than anything else, we find that plot and character can be done nearly as well in most respects, and in point of fulness and detail much better, by the novel or other narrative forms of writing, but that the drama being a visible show is incomparable for crises, for those sudden turns of action which the eye takes in at a glance before a word is spoken, with the double advantage of a thrill for the audience and a saving of space for the dramatist. These critical moments are its moments of triumph, and a born dramatist so contrives his plot that a number of these follow one another in an ascending scale of excitement."

"Trained in the theatre, Ibsen knew precisely what a play was. He learned that a play has only one-tenth the length of a novel; that a play-goer, unlike a reader, cannot skip, and that therefore he must never be let fall into the state of mind in which, if he were reading, he would skip; he learned that dialogue is effective in a theatre only when every speech produces a distinct change in the relations of the speakers, that it must carry the hearer over a rippled surface of small surprises to a foreseen goal, piquing curiosity in detail while meeting expectation on the whole. . . . When one of his characters speaks, you feel you really must hear the reply. When one of them comes upon the stage, you feel that for some minutes you have been coming to need his presence. . . . He plays on you like a flute, and knows every vent and stop of your attention. In a good play, your eye and ear together are kept in a state of expectancy constantly piqued and then satisfied, repiqued and resatisfied."

This may be only a first step, but it is vital as a starting point for further analysis. When we analyse, we should always keep in mind what the whole is which we are analysing. A play is and must be an arrangement of effects, and it is to its place in this whole that the dramatist, in composing, ultimately relates every scene and speech.

II

The groundwork of Sophocles' plan is to tell, through one action that begins and completes itself before our eyes without pause or rest, the story of Oedipus from his birth to his fall. He does this by making that action how Oedipus discovered the secret of his birth. His task therefore was to invent the circumstances of the discovery, and make it from start to finish an apparently inevitable process, a process that once begun constantly supplies its own reason for its continuance; for this is the condition that creates the feeling of tension, which is the basis of dramatic enjoyment. Thus his first objective, so far as the machinery of the plot is concerned, was to contrive the mutual confessions of Jocasta and Oedipus, and the scenes with Teiresias and Creon are, mechanically, the means for attaining it. Teiresias is provoked to denounce Oedipus as the slayer of Laius: Oedipus, concluding, from this outrageous charge, that there is a plot between the prophet and Creon to oust him from the throne, quarrels with Creon, and Jocasta appears to part them; her inquiry into the cause of the trouble leads to her inadvertent dropping of the first clue. Looked at just in this way the play might be judged slow in getting to work. Neither Teiresias nor Creon contributes anything directly to the telling of the story; they merely create the occasion for it. Two long scenes (running to over three hundred lines) are taken up with what looks like a single step in the advancement of the action, the bringing about of the scene between Oedipus and Jocasta. But while the story must be told, a dramatist's chief concern is not that, but to give the audience a good time by his way of telling it, to give them the best time he can, and this involves all sorts of considerations over and above getting the necessary facts of the story before them. Dramatic construction lies there.

We must bear in mind that Sophocles builds his effects on the audience's presumed knowledge of the outcome. He has therefore

constructed these early scenes also to get the most out of the ironic contrast between appearance and reality. For there is here the opportunity not only of progressively sharpening and deepening the "irony," but of prolonging suspense, keeping the audience breathlessly waiting for the expected blow to fall. It is the plain duty of an alert artist to exploit these possibilities to the uttermost.

There are so many interests so closely intertwined that it is difficult to separate them for the purpose of analysis. The opening scene shows us a deputation of suppliants appealing to Oedipus for help against the plague: we see him as a grand figure towering godlike above the afflicted city, stooping down in gracious pity to share in and alleviate the sufferings of his subjects; but the background of this picture is our knowledge that he to whom they appeal is the cause of their plight, so that we are at the same time seeing him as a doomed man. One could almost say that all the dramatic elements in the situation are presented there in a kind of tableau, and the nature of our interest at once directed and keyed. The words spoken stress and point the moral of what the eye instantly takes in.

And then we hear that Oedipus has already sent Creon to the oracle at Delphi to find out the cause of the plague, and is impatiently expecting his return. Immediately there springs to mind the question, What will Apollo say? Apollo, of course, knows, Apollo whose original oracle stands, as it were, visibly before us translated into fact. Is it thus then that Oedipus is to hear the truth? Will Creon bring the dreadful tidings? So, when we hear that he is in sight, we wait, more excited than the stage auditors, for what he has to say. The moment passes, and we see our knowledge being moved, if anything, further away from Oedipus; we hear the story of Laius' slaying being wrongly told to Oedipus. (By "we" I here mean the original audience, who, though they knew the story of Oedipus, had no idea how Sophocles was going to unfold it.)

Then, after Oedipus' proclamation to the people of his resolve to search out the murderer of Laius in obedience to the oracle (which lengthy speech gives us time to review and savour the full irony of his position), the coming of Teiresias is announced—Teiresias whose name stands in story as synonymous with true prophecy. He must know surely; and as soon as he speaks, we know he does know. The truth is trembling on the brink of being

told. But for those who know a secret there is a greater excitement than to see the ignorant just missing hearing it. You can bring the thing closer to them than that: by showing the ignorant actually hearing it in circumstances that cause them to disbelieve it, so that they hear it and miss hearing it at the same time; that is the height of this kind of excitement. We see in this scene our own knowledge put before the persons of the play, and, as we listen breathless, rejected. We have come as close to the revelation as it is possible to get, and yet it is still to be made. The scene is a triumph of dramatic understanding. The most important persons in a play are not the *dramatis personae* but the audience. Their needs are paramount, and the persons of the play are but instruments for satisfying those needs. Mahaffy says in criticism of the incident: "Teiresias tells him so explicitly that he is the murderer of Laius and the husband of his mother, that a man who knew his Corinthian parentage was doubtful, that an oracle had predicted to him this very crime, and that he had committed a homicide, could not but hit upon the truth." Perhaps a sufficient answer to this objection is that we do not know yet that Oedipus knows all these things, and while a psychological explanation of his blindness in the circumstances can be found if we stop to think it out, it is entirely unnecessary. I do not mean to suggest that Oedipus changes to fit the changing scenes; his blindness, besides being thrilling to observe in view of our knowledge, is indicative of his nature; and other interests of much deeper moment are being served by his behaviour towards Teiresias and Creon. Oedipus is being made to play a seemingly guilty part. We moderns do not instinctively take the point, which is perhaps the reason we falter rather over these two scenes, find them long drawn out and over-elaborated. But what is happening here is something that had a value for Sophocles' audience which it has not for us. For them it intensified the impression of coming doom. We, knowing to start with, as they did, that Oedipus is doomed, may feel no emotional value in these scenes save that of suspense, the holding back of the inevitable moment through Oedipus being delayed in his discovery by suspecting the wrong person, following up a false clue. But for the Athenian spectators there was more in it than that; through these scenes they were not just waiting for his doom to come, they were seeing it coming, seeing him going to meet it, helping it along; for he is behaving, or apparently

behaving, as the man of ὕβρις proverbially behaves, and ὕβρις is in Greek story the certain precursor of ruin. This is the general effect. At line 634 when Jocasta comes between her husband and brother, Oedipus is on the verge of the violent act which brings the hubristic man to disaster, and the play marks the apparent crisis by raising the dialogue into music and singing as the chorus support Jocasta's plea by a solemn supplication to their king to put away the evil spirit.

Of course it is not true; Oedipus is not guilty of ὕβρις. The dramatic problem is the opposite of that in *Macbeth*. "The interest in the tragedy of Macbeth is the perpetration of crime by a man whose magnificent qualities of mind, extreme courage, and poetic imagination raise the villainies above common meanness."[2] That is, the Macbeth of the original story, being essentially guilty, must be raised above his deeds, must be given some imaginative compensation to win our sympathies; otherwise he will be just a bad man getting his rich deserts, the spectacle of which, as Aristotle said, does not rouse pity or fear. Oedipus is essentially innocent. What then must be done with him? His innocence must be in some sort obscured; otherwise our moral prepossessions will be aroused and flaw with their disquietudes the emotional effect—not because Aristotle said it, but because it is so. The shock must be softened. Modern readers do not instantly and spontaneously seize the point, because the means used to attain the effect is not for us immediately compelling; hence they go looking for the moral alleviation in Oedipus' ἁμαρτία, which they find in one detail or another, especially in his hasty blow of retaliation against an unprovoked assault. But if ἁμαρτία there is, that is not it. The fact is, Oedipus' innocence is disguised, not really flawed. The dramatist deliberately obscures the thought of his innocence; he confuses his hearers' minds by setting them running on the familiar ὕβρις theme, so that from association a false motivation of the calamity is suggested, which gives it a seeming appropriateness, sufficient to mitigate the immediate moral shock, but in the final effect, by the contrast with the facts as otherwise shown, increasing enormously the pathos and irony of his fate.

Some may question my assertion that Oedipus is represented as essentially innocent. That is, they will say, to judge the situation

[2]"The Influence of the Audience on Shakespeare" (Robert Bridges, *Collected Essays*, 1927).

from a modern point of view; the Greeks would regard him as guilty because with them guilt was in the deed, not the motive. But this is a quibble; the Greeks could certainly distinguish between unwitting and deliberate guilt, and, if we could explain to them that we call unwitting guilt innocence, they would agree that, though they did not call it innocence, they thought about Oedipus just as we do. Our term is wider, but the feelings are the same.

Of the choral ode which separates the scenes with Teiresias and Creon, Jebb says:

> Teiresias has just denounced Oedipus. Why do not the chorus at once express their horror? This ode is the first since v. 215, and therefore in accordance with the conception of the chorus as personified reflection, it must comment on all that has been most stirring in the interval. Hence it has two leading themes: (1) "Who can be the murderer?": 1st strophe and antistrophe, referring to the first part of the preceding episode before the entrance of Teiresias. (2) "I will not believe that it is Oedipus": 2nd strophe and antistrophe referring to the second part.

It is difficult to speak with real confidence about the effect of the choral odes; with the best will in the world we cannot take them naturally, however much we may pretend to. What Jebb says about the orderly manner in which the chorus stick to their formal task may be quite right, but I question whether that is the sole justification. A choral ode, one would assume, depends for its effect on the knowledge possessed by the *audience*. They do understand what Teiresias has said, though the chorus do not, and therefore they have been seeing during this scene Oedipus' pursuing fate closing in upon him. Their sense of its significance is here put into words, but into such words as are in accordance with the knowledge of those that utter them. And as for the second half, while it is formally a comment on what Teiresias has said, is not its dramatic point, as Sheppard suggests, rather to call the attention of the audience to the fact that Oedipus' wisdom is undergoing now another test, and to throw up, by contrast of the chorus' steadfast loyalty to their tried ruler, Oedipus' ready suspicion of a tried friend? Creon's immediate entry on this note points the dramatic significance of the contrast.

The famous ode on the moral laws and the fate and character of the tyrant, which follows the first scene of the revelation (that with Jocasta) and precedes the catastrophe, may be considered most conveniently now. It is the central ode of the play, and is,

from the point of view of choral tragedy, vital in its place. The chorus are, as Sheppard puts it, in a quandary: they believe in the oracles; they believe in Oedipus. They have now heard from Oedipus of the oracle that sent him wandering from Corinth; in the interests of their religious faith they must wish to see that oracle vindicated, and yet, according to tradition, such a calamity as it foretells can come only as a punishment of wickedness. They go over in their minds the traditional signs which prelude a great man's fall, and in the light of what they have seen and heard there is enough to make them afraid for Oedipus, afraid, that is, that he may have exhibited the fatal marks of ὕβρις. Thus the ode gathers up and establishes explicitly, as Greek tragedy has a habit of doing, the impressions conveyed by the action of the preceding scenes.

But it has finer and more truly dramatic merits than this; that is, it affects the mood in which the audience enter upon the next scene. The impressive opening strophe is constantly cited as if it were Sophocles' declaration of his own personal belief in the sanctities of the moral law, which of course it may as a matter of fact be, but to let it go at that is a tacit confession of inability to accept the choral odes as an integral part of the artistic structure. We should in any case assume that Sophocles wrote this ode to fit this particular place, and on that assumption I should say that its main function is to set the spiritual atmosphere which is to surround and colour the great event that follows. It puts into words, and hence crystallizes, the feeling aroused by the narratives of Jocasta and Oedipus, and by the intention and implications of those narratives—that is, the sense of moral chaos consequent upon the discrediting of the recognized means by which the gods make their will known to men. For the time being the moral laws seem abrogated, and it is in that atmosphere that the catastrophe takes place. But the catastrophe is in fact the triumph of the discredited oracles. Hence before the gloom and confusion in which the ode ends, which darken the stage for the horror of the disclosure, we are given a glimpse above the storm, as it were, of the sun still shining, of the eternal laws moving in serene majesty untouched by the darkness that envelops the earth. The storm that hides heaven from the sight of mortals is itself the means by which heaven will reveal its face again, and clear away the clouds that rose from earth. This does not necessarily represent Sophocles'

judgment of the matter, but he wishes it for the moment to be felt like that, so that the catastrophe may be as effectively terrible and significant as possible while it occurs.

The central scenes contain the heart of the drama, that for which the rest exists—the drama of the revelation. The poet's task here is to make its effect adequate to the expectation. He manages to spin it out to nearly five hundred lines, and, instead of thinning, increases the excitement by spreading it out; it becomes a threefold revelation rising to a climax. We have here supreme dramatic skill in the way in which the incidents are manipulated. By the end of the first of these scenes Oedipus knows almost for certain that he is the slayer of Laius. The dramatist's next step therefore is to bring about the revelation that Laius is Oedipus' father. If we leave out Teiresias, as Sophocles does henceforth, nobody in the world of the play knows that. One fact known by one man (the Theban herdsman) must be added to another fact known by another (the Corinthian messenger) before it can be known. Sophocles has assured the coming of the first of these men through the one ray of hope in Oedipus' mind in regard to the identity of the man he killed. But since for the audience the effect of Oedipus' learning that he himself has slain Laius is fully enough attained in this scene, the dramatist brings in the Corinthian first, in order that the coming of the Theban herdsman may be the culmination of a new revelation, not a confirmation of the one whose effect we have already seen. By the time he arrives, Oedipus' interest has been switched to coincide with ours. It is the interest of the audience that determines the way the action is developed, and the motives and acts of the *dramatis personae* must be directed accordingly. So Sophocles interrupts the orderly progress of events by forcing in here the coming of the messenger from Corinth, the only accidental occurrence in the play. It is really a pure coincidence that he should arrive at just this juncture. But Sophocles deftly covers up its fortuitous nature by preceding it with Jocasta's prayer to Apollo to grant some clean way of deliverance from the trouble that seems to be gathering—a change in her attitude, natural enough, and effective in itself, but really aimed to pick up this little bit of dramatic value out of the necessary flaw. His coming looks on the face of it like an answer to her prayer—an ironical answer as of course we know it must be, but all the more dramatic for that. So it is one of those accidents which, as Aristotle says, do not seem to have happened quite by chance. And at once

this effect is transformed into another dependent on it. Jocasta sees, in the news the Corinthian brings, release from all oracular fears. She forgets her prayer and feels no longer any need of Apollo's help. "Ye oracles of the gods, look where you are!" she cries mockingly and exultantly—a real dramatic thrill, for her cry calls sharp attention to the fact that with the messenger the oracles have arrived for their final confirmation. To that add also the thrill of horror that at such a moment she should blaspheme against the gods and, like Oedipus before her, by her own conduct make her own perdition sure.

Polybus' death, we realize, does in fact clear away an obstacle to the understanding of the oracle, but we see too that it must, on their present knowledge, remove for Oedipus and Jocasta its fulfilment from the bounds of possibility. Jocasta's words and attitude bring out the double point, express the effect we feel as an event occurring on the stage. No dramatic mind, contemplating the story of Oedipus, could overlook the opportunity of creating dramatic value by showing the oracle coming true through events that seem to be disproving it. It is Jocasta's part to embody this interest, to voice the conviction of the oracle's failure. That is the root of her scepticism. Professor Goodell says: "Given an old myth to be dramatized, Sophocles' primary question was, 'Just what sort of people were they, must they have been, who naturally did and suffered what the tales say they did and suffered?' That was his method of analysis." I do not think so, or at least it is not that kind of consideration which gives these people their personalities. The situation of course calls for certain figures in a certain relationship and there are certain things they must do, and they must fit into their actions. But surely it cannot be supposed that Sophocles thought out first, for example, what Jocasta must have been like, and moulded his plot to accommodate that figure; rather he moulded his figure to accommodate his plot, i.e., to accentuate dramatic possibilities he saw in the story. Jocasta's scepticism about oracles is brought in not because in view of her experience she would naturally or probably be sceptical, but because it is dramatically valuable. Only those features in her, or any other person's, probable character are used, which help to strengthen and deepen the emotional effect of the whole.

In what mood Oedipus receives the news is not made perfectly clear (Sophocles is a past master in knowing when not to explain); the impression I get is that it is in the main one of unspeakable

relief, a relief that he is both ashamed to feel, because of the occasion, and afraid to feel, lest there lurk in it some trick of fate. I think that Sophocles deliberately obscures Oedipus' mood for a good dramatic reason; he is making way for a difficulty. He wished to extract every drop of dramatic effect that the situation could yield. The time for the final revelation has come, and he has dared to prolong it, to make it a double revelation, one to Jocasta, and another to Oedipus. Therefore he had to determine by what surge of feeling Oedipus is carried unknowing past the point of Jocasta's enlightenment. For he must not, and does not, represent him as merely incapable of putting two and two together, as duller, less keen-witted than she. There is also the difficulty of the divided interest between Jocasta and Oedipus—how to get full value out of Jocasta's horror and yet to keep our attention on Oedipus. It must not be necessary for us to start up our interest in Oedipus afresh after her departure. Two emotional currents must be kept going simultaneously. I think this is managed with extraordinary skill. From that point in the dialogue which reveals the truth to Jocasta, though we know what Oedipus is thinking, we do not know what he is feeling, and we are longing to know. His short, sharp questions show intense excitement, determined purpose, but no more. The two interests—in Oedipus and Jocasta—come to a head and clash in the dialogue between them, as he turns to her for information—her wild desperate attempt to smother the truth away and his fierce determination to drag it into the light. Thus after Jocasta's terrible cry, which focuses the full horror of the situation, the scene does not drop; for we have been caught in the current of Oedipus' excitement, which rises to its climax and its explication in the glorious speech which ends the episode, and so on the crest of this we are swept forward towards the long-awaited catastrophe.[3]

In the course of this breath-taking scene the Corinthian has declared that he received the infant Oedipus from a shepherd belonging to the house of Laius, and the chorus-leader, appealed

[3] "Break what break will!" (referring to the fear expressed by the chorus that evil will break from Jocasta's threat of future silence). "My origin, however lowly, I still shall wish to see. She perhaps, for she has proud thoughts for a woman, is ashamed of my base birth. But I, counting myself the child of Luck, the giver of good gifts, will not lose caste. I am that mother's son, and all my life the changing moons have seen me with them wax and wane. I could not now betray my nature and refuse to learn the truth about my birth."

to by Oedipus, hazards the guess that this person is the very slave he has already summoned as the surviving eye-witness of Laius' slaying. "The *naïveté* of this guess," says Sheppard, "would be intolerable to a modern dramatist." If so, so much the worse for modern drama. The identification of the Corinthian's former acquaintance would in fact require more evidence, but the process of arriving at it would be tedious and blunt the effect. The first duty of drama is to be dramatic, not to reproduce the processes of actual life. Jocasta is the centre of interest at this particular moment, and Sophocles judges it right not to distract the attention from her. Of course, so far as this point goes, the chorus-leader need not have made any guess at all, but simply referred the question directly to Jocasta. But Sophocles is also preparing for the entrance of the herdsman; he wants us to know before he comes that he is the man who gave the child, in order that the present absorbing interest may run straight on, and not be interrupted by the business of recognition. For if we did not know, his entrance would be apparently carrying us back to an earlier interest that has now faded from our minds. As it is, the situation, when he enters, is masterly; each of the three actors is in a different state of expectation, as we know. We see them all, as they meet, on the edge of a great surprise. First, the Theban herdsman, expecting to be questioned about the slaying of Laius, and fencing cautiously, on that understanding, with the first inquiries of Oedipus, is instead suddenly confronted with a stranger and asked to identify him. Relieved and off his guard, he acknowledges the former meeting with him, and the Corinthian in his turn expecting to give the old man a pleasant surprise springs on him the identity of the baby he had then saved from death. All this is already known to Oedipus; there remains only the surprise for him, and it comes now swift and catastrophic. Steeled to accept, in the spirit of the child of Luck, alike what is bad and good in his present outlook, he is overwhelmed by the sudden flashing into complete and terrible coherence, of all the disjointed intimations of the past, showing that not chance but destiny has been leading him. This is quintessential drama. There has never been more perfect understanding of how to create true dramatic effect.

I confess I hesitate over the conclusion. The return of Oedipus is magnificently managed, and lifts us to the height of our pity and admiration for him, thus satisfying, through giving expression to them, the emotions that have been raised. Oedipus, who has

met every dramatic demand his role makes on him, penetrating to the heart of each situation, revealing and integrating through his character and words all that it has of power to move and enthral, here rises triumphantly to his new task. Debarred by legend from the obvious resource of suicide, he contrives out of his restriction a far more poignant realization of the horror of his fate. It is only this Oedipus that could probe so deeply and see so clearly its full horror. He alone could adequately feel it; he explores it for us and, true to himself, crowning and consummating what we have learnt to expect of him, adequately meets it. In an extraordinarily powerful speech he condemns himself to solitary confinement within himself. As destiny has set him apart for a uniquely horrible fate, he sets himself apart. Shut out by his crime from the world of the dead as well as the living, he has shut himself in within a lonely world of his own.

This is altogether satisfactory, but the play does not end there. Lewis Campbell thus sums up the effect of the closing scene: "Before the final exit of Oedipus, the accumulated horror has been softened into pity, by the humbleness of the great broken heart before Creon, whom he has maligned so proudly, and his yearning tenderness over his children, who are brought to receive his last farewell. They are taken from him again; and, as the solitary man is led away into darkness, the chorus utter some lines of moral wisdom, which allow the overcharged feelings of the spectators to subside."

That is probably right, but is it artistically satisfying to end on this note of simple pathos? Have not our feelings been too highly moved by this spectacle of a righteous man cheated by circumstance into the commission of dreadful crimes, to be appeased by tears of pity? For the poet offers us little but the relief of tears; the last words are, as so often, a commonplace from the Greek copybooks. I find it hard to decide, hard perhaps to shake off the effects of reflection; there is a wrong and mystery here stirring thoughts that lie too deep for tears. We should be on our guard; Sophocles was not writing primarily for the reflective reader; his immediate concern was with an audience. Theatrically it may be right; perhaps he knew that for an audience, so moved, any feeling but pity would jar, that nothing would serve their need but tears. Or again, perhaps he was himself dissatisfied, and for that reason took up the theme again and in his old age wrote a new play to give the story of Oedipus at long last a fitting close.

IN SEARCH OF MYSELF

Frederick Philip Grove

IT was a dismal November day, with a raw wind blowing from the north-west and cold, iron-gray clouds flying low—one of those Ontario days which, on the lake-shores or in a country of rock and swamp, seem to bring visions of an ageless time after the emergence of the earth from chaos, or a foreboding of the end of a world about to die from entropy.

It was into such a country of rock and swamp, a few miles north of Lake Erie, that my business took me that day. I was driving my old and battered car and, having come a not inconsiderable distance, I felt chilled and cheerless. At last I entered upon a straight, rutted marl road which led for miles over a clay-coloured dam thrown through a morass dotted here and there with the dead stumps of huge trees of a departed generation: swamp-oak, white ash, and pine, now blackened by carbonization.

At last there appeared, on the far side of the marsh to my right, in the very border-seam of higher, wooded ground, a farm with house, barn, and other buildings which, at this distance, seemed to be sketchily washed into their background of leafless bush, for they were unpainted and in a state of not merely incipient decay, resembling so many others in that Ontario which had once been made prosperous by its timber. It was from this place that I was to fetch a girl for the Sisyphus tasks of a household drudge.

The closer I came the worse the road grew, for it became more deeply rutted; and the ruts and their supporting sides were so wet, so almost greasy, that every now and then the rear wheels of my car skidded sideways, with a sickening effect on the pit of my stomach. The more deeply I penetrated into the district which, a few days ago, had been visited by a cloud-burst, the slower did my progress become till I could proceed only with extreme caution. I was wondering what I should do if I found it impossible to reach my destination. The dam had become narrow; and there was no longer even the ghost of a possibility of turning. "Well," I said to myself, "I suppose I must get through and turn in the yard of that homestead."

When I was within perhaps half a mile of the farm-gate, I was crawling along at the rate of two or three miles an hour, in low

gear; and then what I had dreaded happened: across the dam, joining swamp to swamp, extended a wash-out which put an imperative stop to my progress. I saw that I could never pull through that watery mud-hole in which the bluish hardpan foundation of the landscape lay exposed, churned up by cows and horses that had dashed through in a panic, sinking in to their hocks.

As I sat there, looking the situation over and canvassing, with a shiver running down my spine, the two or three possibilities of action, a sudden vision of the evening before blotted out what lay in front of me. My profound feeling of misery no longer seemed to proceed from my momentary quandary, but from something I had lived through the previous night.

In my own ramshackle house, which was yet capable of being made warm and comfortable, I had had a caller from afar; and we had sat up late into the night, by lamp-light, talking of books and of my early life in Europe, especially in Paris.

This topic of my youth had been suggested by one of the books which had been discussed. My caller was the librarian of a great city; and for years he had dropped in on me once or twice a twelvemonth, bringing me some six or ten volumes of the best that had come to hand within the time elapsed since his last visit, and taking away such as he had left behind on the last occasion. Among those he had brought this time was the biography of a Frenchman, still living, who in my early days had been one of my intimates.

At the time, this young Frenchman and myself had been aflame with a great enthusiasm for life and art. For years we had been inseparable, so much so that old-fashioned and benevolent people—generals of the French army, aristocrats of the old school, venerable professors of the Sorbonne—had teasingly called us Castor and Pollux.

In the dim light of my study, where the librarian and I had been sitting surrounded by the few books which I own, memories of my European youth had crowded back upon me; and I had risen to pace the floor of the room in a state of intense excitement. As they came back to me, I had told anecdotes of our ardent intercourse; and I had given expression to my unbounded youthful admiration for the young Frenchman who, a year or two older than myself, had been one of the determining influences in overcoming my own immaturities. Stranger than anything else, there had come back to me the memory of the attitude which this young Frenchman

had observed towards myself: the attitude of a mentor coaching one of whom great things were expected, things greater than those within his own reach.

Suddenly a silence had fallen between the librarian and myself; for, with the effect of a sharp blow, it had come home to me that more than four and a half decades separated me from those days, four decades in which that Frenchman and I had drifted apart to the point of complete alienation: each had gone his own way—he in the crowded capitals of Europe, I on the lonely prairies of western Canada. Like a flash of lightning it had struck me that, to earn the distinction of seeing his biography published within his lifetime, he must have achieved things which had focussed on him the eyes of a world, a living world as full of fire and enthusiasm as any world that had ever been—whereas I, only slightly his junior, in spite of often titanic endeavour, had lived and worked in obscurity, giving expression, at the best, to a few, a very few mirrorings of life in the raw such as it had been my lot to witness.

In that dead silence which my friend, the librarian, had had the charity to respect, I had turned dumbly back to my desk; and, shaking with a new, still deeper excitement, I had let myself sink into the chair by the shaded reading lamp. With trembling fingers I had reached for the book and drawn it into the circle of light, opening it at the last pages where I expected to find a bibliography. The bibliography was there; and it was put together with obvious care and completeness, filling eighteen pages. Translations of the works of this Frenchman had appeared in no less than sixteen countries, Turkey and Japan among them. If it is true, I said to myself, that all the stars are moved when a child drops a ball from its cradle, what effect had the life of this Frenchman had on the reeling universes of human thought and human sentiment?

Whereas I. . . .

And another memory had arisen. On one of my four or five trips back to Europe, undertaken during the years when, on this continent of America, I had lived as a farmhand, I had, on one single occasion, once more met that young Frenchman, no longer quite so young, by previous appointment. We had had dinner together in one of the great, famous restaurants of Paris; and, tragically, we had found that we had nothing any longer to say to each other. . . .

However, here it was my present task to bring back with me

that household drudge from the farm in the margin of the higher land to my right, and ahead. Since I was mired on the road, what was I to do?

There were three possibilities. I might abandon my task and try to retrace my way by backing out. I might alight and, leaving the car where it was, leap the wash-out, to cover the remaining distance afoot. I might try to attract the attention of the people on the farm or in the house—they were expecting me—by blowing my horn.

In my present mood the last of these three possibilities seemed the one to choose. As for backing out, with my errand undone, it was not in my nature to do so; and yet I was reluctant to exert myself just then and to proceed afoot, through mud ankle-deep, with a piercing November wind in my face while a chronic cough racked my chest. Irrationally, the car seemed a last link with the brighter world of my youth. . . .

Half a century ago, that Frenchman had considered *me* as the most lavishly endowed among the young men then living within his orbit; he had often said so; on certain things he had, in spite of his seniority in years, deferred to me; on occasion I had corrected his judgment and even pruned his too flowery style; he had prophesied for me the most brilliant of futures. . . .

For ten minutes or so, at intervals of perhaps fifteen seconds, I made the horn of my machine ring dismally out over the fens whose very existence seemed a calamity of defeat. . . .

What, so I asked myself, had been the reason of my thus grievously disappointing my friend, the Frenchman? There were several superficial reasons, of course. But the chief reason no doubt was that I had never had an audience; for no matter what no matter who may say, he says it to somebody; and if there is nobody to hear, it remains as though it had never been said; the tree falling in a forest where there is none to hear produces no sound. A book arises as much in the mind of the reader as in that of the writer; and the writer's art consists above all in creating response; the effect of a book is the result of a collaboration between writer and audience. That collaboration I had failed to enforce. . . .

From behind my protecting wind-shield, I saw something stirring in the yard of the farm on which my eyes were focussed.

I had been heard. There was a brief coming and going about the house; and at last a figure detached itself and made for the road.

Yes, that figure was turning east, in my direction; and gradually, in the course of another few minutes, it defined itself as an old man carrying a suitcase. I was not expecting an old man; I was expecting a girl; but there was nothing that I could do. I had to wait for developments. . . .

My struggle had been such as to make defeat a foregone conclusion. Did it matter? To whom should it matter? To me? But who was I? And suddenly it seemed to me that the only thing that really mattered was the explanation of that defeat. To whom explain it? . . .

As the old man came nearer, I made out that he was clad in mud-bespattered black overalls and a smock of the same colour worn over a home-knitted, torn and frayed sweater. The legs of the overalls were tightly rolled around his bony shanks and tucked into high rubber bootpacks, smeared with mud to above his ankles. His face was grooved and weathered into innumerable folds; his chin, hidden by a gray, almost white beard blowing in the wind. His gait was uncertain; his progress, slow; for he staggered under the load of the suitcase, which I yet divined weighed no more than ten or fifteen pounds at the most.

At last he reached the gap in the road which had forced me to halt; and he stopped at its far edge. Then, carefully picking a point on the near side which was somewhat drier, he shied the suitcase across with a lanky motion. I thought he would now turn back; and in spite of my reluctance to move I made ready to alight and pick the girl's baggage up. But with an unexpected, clownish nimbleness he cleared the gap by means of a staggering leap. I reached across the vacant seat to my right and opened the door. He picked the suitcase up and, lifting it into the car, said breathlessly, "The chit'll be down in a minute."

I half expected him to climb into the vacant seat in order to get out of the dismal wind. Instead, he slammed the door shut with a wide, loose swing of his arm.

Since even yet he did not turn back to leave, I presumed that he had something to say; and so I reached once more across the seat to lower the window into which he promptly inserted his right elbow to rest part of his weight on. Thus made comfortable, and quite unaffected by the rawness of the air and the edge of the wind, he opened his toothless mouth and began one of those incongruously cheerful and inconsequential conversations so typical of the Ontario

peasant, who—or so it has seemed to me—is always eager for news of no possible relevance and for a confirmation of his congenital prejudices.

He stood for fifteen, twenty minutes, imbibing my monosyllabic replies with a profoundly critical air, while he elicited from me such information as he desired—as to the exact location of my house, the names and ages of my rural neighbours, and my antecedents in the far West where, rumour had told him, I had lived for close to forty years.

He looked at me, probingly. "Forty years?" he said. "You must have been a baby when you went there."

"No," I replied, "I was a young man."

"Well," he went on, with a stir of surprise, "I'd be curious to know y'r present age, lad."

"My age?" I repeated. "I'm sixty-eight."

He laughed a cackling senile laugh, strangely in accord with landscape and weather, worrying meanwhile, with his free hand, his scanty, scraggy beard. "What do ye think about that?" he exclaimed incredulously. "Ye don't look it. Now I'm seventy-four, only six years older."

"A lot of water flows down the creek in six years," I replied; and a dead silence fell.

Suddenly he emitted that laugh again. "Ye were wise to stop here," he said. "There's no bottim to that hole." And once more he laughed. "Y'know," he went on, "day before yistidday, may have been around ten o'clock, a smart-aleck salesman from Tilsonburg came through here, from the west, stopping at the place." A jerky thumb pointed over his shoulder, back to the farm. "Trying to collect a bit on that separator my son-in-law bought of him three years ago come next month. Blasted fool to come driving that far to collect after a drought like what we've had last summer. Got mad, too, and used bad languige. But when he got it into his head at last that there was nothin' doin', he went on, along this here road, goin' like hell, never askin' or anything; or we'd have told him about this here wash-out. Wall-l-l, he struck it square, I tell yer. Must have been goin' fifty. I saw him; I'd gone out on the road; I expected something to happen. And as he struck it, his car turned a somersault in the ditch and then shied off into the swamp, upside down, and sideways." The old man paused as though focussing his mind's eye on the picture

of the scene in his memory. Then he turned. "There ye can still see the hole where they pulled him out, with two towing trucks. Him, I say; but I mean his car." And once more he focussed his mind's eye in that absent way of his; and then he burst out laughing again in his senile, cackling hilarity. "Do ye know what he did?" he asked at last, as if choking with his mirth. He took his elbow out of the window of the car and raised one foot to the running-board. Then, as if to smooth out a kink in his spine, he pressed his left hand into his side, just below the ribs. And once more, under that dismal sky, he surrendered himself body and soul to the impulse of his overpowering merriment, slapping his raised knee with his right hand between guffaws. It was an incomprehensible, obscene, drenching torrent of mirth before which one could only stand gasping. "Yeah," he ejaculated at last between his bursts of gaiety, "the blasted fool broke . . . broke his . . . broke his neck!" And six, seven slaps of his open palm resounded in succession on his knee while his head, swinging from side to side as if severed on its pedicel, hinted at the entire inadequacy of mere laughter and slaps to express to the full just how funny this trifling mishap had been. . . .

As, ten or fifteen minutes later, I backed out, the girl by my side, over the several miles of this swamp road, and, having turned at last, within sight of the leaden lake, headed for the highway to go home, I was in the very depths of involuntary musings.

France, Paris, Rome, Egypt, the Sahara; my whole youth with its aims, high achievement, knowledge most profound, aspirations infinite!

My early friends were famous men, known throughout the civilized world, having left, by this time, the impress of their minds upon their age. For of that little group of which, fifty years ago, I had formed part—a group gathered together from half a dozen nations—standing for something very definite, for a new freedom of life, a new approach to art, a new European outlook in international relations—of that group there was not one, except myself, who, that day, was not known beyond the confines of his country.

Like a traitor to my youth, this cynical thought tried to raise its head: What, in the light of later European developments, had all their thought, all their driving power, all their earnest endeavour amounted to? Like a defender of the faith, this other thought rose to combat it: Nothing that has ever been is ever lost.

The lack of an audience? But even the lack of an audience is not the important thing. The important thing is that *you* have such an audience *in mind* when you speak. Whether it is really there does not matter. In case of need you can imagine it. But was there any need for me to imagine it? If I could explain, to someone, why I had failed, the explanation might more than compensate for the failure to have made myself heard so far. Could I explain it? I did not know. I saw the reasons clearly enough. I must try. And "to someone"? To whom? To whom but my friend the young Frenchman who was now a man of seventy or more? Whether he ever read the explanation, what did it matter? There would be others, if not today, then ten decades from now. And if there were none, at no time, did it matter? The only thing that did matter, as far as I was concerned, was the fact that the attempt had been made. The rest I must leave to the gods. . . .

At that moment, I was standing within six years of such a decay of the mental and emotional qualities as I had witnessed just now in the case of the old man, the grandfather of the "chit" by my side. . . . Was that what I was coming to? If so, then it was surely time to be up and doing.

That night I sat down to begin, with an avowedly autobiographic purpose, the story of the LIFE OF A WRITER IN CANADA.

THE VALUES OF DEMOCRACY

H. W. Wright

WE are ready to agree that freedom with all that it implies, is the primary and central value of democracy, and that all its other advantages depend upon the realization of the values of freedom in the political sphere. But when we stop to ask ourselves what is implied in political (and personal) freedom, the whole matter becomes much less clear and self-evident. Thus we are reminded of how easy it is, particularly when dealing with values, to be convinced and contented by abstract and negative conceptions. Freedom, it is asserted, or at once agreed, is the outstanding value realized by the democratic system, but in discussing what such freedom means, few have any notion which goes beyond an individual's right not to be interfered with in the expression of opinion by speech or published statement, in religious belief and worship, and in the choice of occupation and the pursuit of prosperity therein. Now such liberties are, of course, fundamental. But democracy, we must admit, does propose a considerable amount of co-operation among its members. And it is hard to see how the establishment of freedom in this negative sense would enlist men in co-operative effort or would foster the spirit of co-operation among them.

By values of democracy are meant the kinds of human and social good at which democracy aims and which to some extent it realizes. Human and social goods are to be understood simply as modes of experience and activity which are attainable and satisfying. I wish specifically to consider what light modern psychology throws upon this problem which recent world-events have converted from a matter of theoretical and academic interest into one of urgent practical and public concern. Psychology is the science of human nature—of the behaviour of mankind as a living species whose intelligently directed activity has created a social environment, including forms of behaviour-organization and accumulating culture-products which continuously stimulate the intellectual and inventive capacities of successive generations of group-members. It seems reasonable to expect that psychology will contribute to our understanding of the values sought and realized by those modes of social interaction and inter-relation which democracy sets up between

the individuals composing a national group. Especially should that branch of psychology which concerns itself exclusively with the social behaviour and relations of human beings prove helpful. Hence it is from social psychology that we shall principally hope to receive assistance.

I

Not much assistance can be fairly expected, however, from the social psychology of the behaviouristic school which has prevailed on this side of the Atlantic until recently. Values we understand to be objects aimed at and striven for as sources of possible satisfaction. They involve the exercise of choice and the operation of purpose in the conscious life and experience of individuals. The type of social psychology referred to undertakes to treat the actions of men in society as natural events explainable, like all other events in nature, in terms of their effective causes. Thus the actions of every individual in the social field are regarded as effects whose causes are to be sought and found in the behaviour of others, and social behaviour in general is described as purely a process of stimulus-response interaction in which the actions of each individual are both responses to the stimulation of others' behaviour and the stimuli to which they on their part respond. In this kind of explanation, valid enough within limits, "purpose" in the sense of a personally chosen end or aim has no place; it is unequivocally rejected as an affair of subjective consciousness and hence unamenable to scientific investigation. In the strict logic of its approach and method, behaviouristic social psychology could accord no recognition either, to the part played by values as controlling influences in social behaviour, whether the values of democracy or of any other form of social life or organization.

While this is true, and objective social psychology is prevented by its own presuppositions from giving any direct help in the solution of our problem, investigators of this school by their empirical researches have contributed greatly to our understanding of the behaviour factors and process on which democracy must depend for the realization of its aims. They have proved, for example, how constant and powerful is the influence of early conditioning under social stimulation, in modifying and integrating the original responses of the growing child and in producing stable habit-patterns which adjust his behaviour to the requirements of social

life. Thus they have supplied scientific support for the faith blindly professed by exponents of democracy in the efficacy of early education, of the "little red schoolhouse," in producing co-operative habits and tendencies among individuals of endlessly diverse abilities, and individual and racial heredity. Unfortunately, post-war social history has shown that conditioning and suggestion can be effectively employed to foster a readiness on the part of a whole population to co-operate in the interests of an aggressive and intolerant nationalism rather than a humane democracy.

Nor does one who is looking for light on the distinctive and characteristic values of democracy obtain a great deal from the instrumentalist psychology of John Dewey, which, along with behaviourism, has largely shaped the course of American thought in the socio-psychological field. To be sure, Dewey's approach to these problems is rather that of the philosopher than the psychologist. Still his *Human Nature and Conduct* (1922) is an important book in social psychology, establishing the principles of interpretation which he has applied in later books to the social and political problems we are considering. According to Dewey, genuine, in the sense of operative, values are always relative to the behaviour-conflict situations from which they emerge. Values are, in matter of psychological fact, possibilities of reorganization which human intelligence discovers when faced by such situations. They attach to those aims of action, and methods of operative intelligence, which are effective in releasing and readjusting, harmonizing and satisfying, the various impulses and activities that block and frustrate each other in situations of social conflict. Thus in a case of obstinate industrial dispute, value would attach to any practicable plan, discovered by intelligent study, for experimental attack on the situation with a view to removing causes of tension between opposing factions, adjusting their conflicting claims, and promising a fair degree of satisfaction to all. As Dewey sees it,[1] the North American democracies make little progress in dealing with their political and economic difficulties because popular thinking is still guided by outworn and irrelevant values, suited only to an earlier era of pioneer economy in which such "virtues" as individual self-reliance, thrift and industrious accumulation were social, stabilizing, and constructive. But modern science and machine technology

[1]E.g., in his *Individualism New and Old* (1930).

have given us a new world; by these inventions our social life has been made "corporate"; and any progress towards solving the problems of economic, social and political conflict which threaten the very existence of our democracies, must depend upon an intelligent analysis of the conflict-situations now facing us, an analysis which, in connection with the methods of experimental reconstruction it suggests, will bring to light the new values relevant to their solution. Whatever these values may be found to be, they will have in the logic of Dewey's theory no permanent authority in the democratic social order. They are destined to be superseded by other values as the social situation changes, as it must ever and endlessly change, in the course of world evolution. Now we should all acknowledge as timely and helpful, the insistence that values, to be effective, must be relative and relevant to the existing social situation. But it remains an open question, whether, in view of some enduring capacities of human nature and conditions of social environment, and of the comparatively consistent trends of human development and social evolution, there may not possibly be at least a few fundamental values which permanently distinguish and characterize the democratic society.

II

As thus far considered, psychology has added little to our knowledge of the part played by value in social behaviour, and still less to our understanding of the social influence of such a system of values as democracy may be thought to uphold. If this is disappointing we may find reassurance in the fact that social psychology at the present time is making up for past neglect by giving especial attention to the social function of values, and values in their systematic interrelations. This advance, for advance it certainly is, has been due principally to two causes. The first is the growing acceptance of the gestalt or configuration principle as an explanatory law of human and animal behaviour. Psychologists of the gestalt school were, like McDougall, convinced by their investigations of organic behaviour that the activities of the living individual are characteristically *goal-directed*. But they have been more successful than he in convincing their fellow psychologists of this, because of the weight of confirmatory evidence they have gathered through their experimental studies. By means of

striking and conclusive experiments they have demonstrated that children, and even some of the higher animals, learn new and adaptive responses not always by mere trial and error, but often by direct insight into the instrumental or means-end relations of objects in the field of action and attempted adjustment. Such relations could be perceived and acted upon by the learner only if for him they were *there*, i.e. only if the objects in his field of action presented themselves to his perception as means or ways (or conversely, as obstacles) to the goal.

Thus we have proof that goal-objects not merely give direction to the behaviour of the living individual, but also organize or reorganize, relative to themselves, the objects in the field of his perception. The goal-function of objects, in attracting or repelling the activity of the individual and in determining the relations of objects in the world of his perception, is called their "valence." Obviously, "valence" is the gestalt version of value. As such it has the advantage of making value, at least in one context, objective, of interpreting it as a dynamic factor, operative in the field of external perception and behaviour. Since, moreover, the field of external behaviour is always for man the field of social behaviour, the valence concept enables the psychologist to explain in objective terms, always preferred by him, the common pursuit by many individuals of the same set or system of valued objects. This mode of explanation is called "field theory" and is being fruitfully applied at present in child and social psychology. A recent writer[2] has essayed with some success a complete explanation of the psychology of the economic class-struggle from the Marxian standpoint, in terms of field theory.

A second cause which has operated in recent years to impress psychologists with the reality and importance of values as factors determining social behaviour, is to be found in discoveries lately made in the field of anthropology. The investigations and writings of a group of cultural anthropologists, notably Ruth Benedict,[3] Margaret Mead,[4] and Gregory Bateson,[5] have furnished convincing evidence of the dominating influence not merely of values but of systems of value, so-called culture-patterns, in governing the social

[2]J. F. Brown, *Psychology and the Social Order* (1936).
[3]Ruth Benedict, *Patterns of Culture* (1934).
[4]Margaret Mead, *Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Societies* (1935).
[5]Gregory Bateson, *Naven* (1936).

interaction of primitive groups. To be sure, the practices and beliefs of primitive human groups have been extensively and competently studied in the past, but mostly by the comparative method. That is, the social behaviour of various human groups has been classified under different heads, such as institutions of marriage, kinship, initiation, or religion, and then the customs and institutions of different groups, as thus classified, have been exhaustively compared with one another. Psychologists, it may be remarked in passing, found no difficulty in explaining the authority of such social institutions over individual group-members in terms of imitation and suggestion, operative from early childhood through the well-known mechanisms of conditioning and habit-formation. What has been recently discovered, however, by the investigators above mentioned, is that the various institutions comprised in a social culture owe their standardizing effect upon the behaviour of individual group-members to their "functional" relation to one another—that not merely the customs which govern overt behaviour in food-getting, marriage, and warfare, but also the traditional ways of thinking, religious belief and ritual, magical rites, modes of education, and forms of art-production of a social group mutually reinforce one another as parts of an organized system.

Thus Mr Bateson finds that each culture is characterized by its own *ethos*, which he defines as the expression of a "culturally standardized system of organization of the instincts and emotions of individuals."[6] This means that the total impact of the culture into which an individual is born is to stress certain of his action-tendencies and to suppress others. To do this is tantamount, of course, to continually holding up for the admiration of group-members certain values, and ignoring or disparaging others. Thus Bateson found that the culture of the Iatmul, the New Guinea tribe which he studied, was so organized as to make pride and self-assertion the supreme value for the men. Bateson also holds that a primitive social culture has an *eidos*, consisting of standardized modes of thinking, a system of logical *schemata* which supply reasons for the emphases and preferences expressed by the culture. The *ethos* and the *eidos* of a social culture together make up its pattern, whose total effect is to determine the motives of group-members in accordance with a fixed system of beliefs and scale of

[6] *Ibid.*, p. 118.

values. Such culture-patterns by virtue of their "configurative sets," act selectively in accepting, rejecting and remodelling individual traits of personality, in accordance with a standardized scale of values. It follows that with each culture-pattern there goes in primitive communities an approved type of average or ideal man, toward whose development the educational system and all the prevailing institutional attitudes are directed.

III

On at least one point, therefore, we receive assurance. It is at any rate a psychologically admissible question, to ask what are the personal and social values sought and attained through democratic government, the values which, taken together, account for the appeal it makes to intelligent human nature. Whether these values can be as diverse and elaborately interwoven as those of the culture-patterns which anthropologists have recently described in fascinating detail, is more than doubtful. For in these latter the motivation to specific types of family behaviour, industrial activity, and political control, is reinforced by standardized modes of emotional and intellectual response, such as forms of religious belief and ritual, educational and initiatory procedures, and techniques of artistic representation and portrayal. But in these fields of social activity in which individuals differ in their preferences and beliefs, such as ideology, religion, education, and art, it is certainly not open to democracy to seek to impose on all individuals the same uniform views, practices, and preferences—not even if in the honest opinion of public-spirited leaders these are the only ones really harmonious with the democratic way of life. All will admit that individual freedom as to intellectual world-view, religious belief and worship, educational emphasis, occupational choice, and aesthetic taste, are inseparable from democracy and a necessary implication of its fundamental values. We are well aware that an outstanding difference between the totalitarian states and the democracies in the present world is that the former attempt, with astonishing success, to enforce upon a whole citizen-body the social philosophy, the religious (or anti-religious) faith, the educational methods, the industrial organization, the types of artistic production and performance, which their leaders regard as alone consistent with their ruling political aims. The advantage they have gained thereby in

increasing the capacity and readiness of a whole national population for concerted action is a spectacular demonstration of the motivating power of the emotional and intellectual factors brought into play—sufficiently spectacular to produce very uncomfortable misgivings as to the co-operative efficiency of democracy if pitted in final struggle against the totalitarian régime.

The values of democracy, it would then appear, are perforce limited to objectives and satisfactions of a very general, if fundamental, sort. Freedom is one, undoubtedly, and if freedom is taken to mean merely individual liberty, as this is usually understood, then we should add the values of personal association and co-operation. But if freedom be given a more positive and adequate meaning, it may be thought of as necessarily involving in its exercise such association and co-operation. It seems safe to say, then, by way of preliminary generalization, that the values of democracy are the values of voluntary co-operation in the various fields of personal association. Now returning to our original question, we can define more precisely the point of enquiry, and ask: Does psychology, particularly social psychology, throw any light upon these, the values of voluntary association and co-operation? Decidedly, I believe that it does. One fact at least is plain, which—though of negative import—clears the ground for positive advance. This is that since co-operation presupposes a fundamental agreement as to aims and methods of pursuing them, the co-operation to which democracy ascribes value cannot occur in the expression of interests and convictions, or the exercise of tastes and dispositions, about which human beings differ radically, although, of course, agreement and co-operation may occur within limited groups of the general population. No, the kind of co-operation on which democracy places supreme value must depend upon the exercising of capacities and the satisfying of interests common to all human individuals as intelligent and social beings.

Are there any such interests or capacities? In matter of psychological fact, there are. The so-called social intelligence, possessed in common by all normal human beings, acts through three psycho-physical capacities which, because they respond to three different aspects of the real world, presented alike to all individuals, create for all men the same three objective interests or values. They are, moreover, values which can be sought and attained only through personal co-operation. Behaviouristic psychology bears

witness in its own terminology to the importance of these three capacities when it affirms that the human individual adjusts himself to his social environment by acquiring habit-patterns of three types: verbal or symbolic, motor or kinetic, and visceral or emotional. Such a description while accurate enough from a limited point of view, is not very illuminating, however, since it makes clear neither the organic structures exercised in these three modes of response, nor their objective reference and consequent social function. Of the three capacities in question which play the part of response-organs of social intelligence, the first to be mentioned is that of articulate speech and verbal discussion, exercising the bodily apparatus of vocal utterance. It is the power of speech which is often credited with making man a rational animal because it first makes possible conceptual thought and leads to the accumulation of a socially confirmed stock of knowledge. A second is the capacity for manual contrivance and practical invention. The bodily structures involved in its operation are primarily those of the hand and arm—the human hand with opposed thumb capable of grasping and manipulation, assisted by connected muscles of the wrist and arm, and made effective by the erect posture and mode of locomotion which frees the hand for manipulation and brings it under easy guidance by the eye. In the opinion of some students of human evolution, it is principally the human hand in the fashioning and use of tools that has given man the mastery over all other living species, and enabled him to transform his terrestrial environment to suit his needs. The third capacity is that of aesthetic perception and emotional expression. The increased facility given to the senses of sight and hearing by the assumption of the erect posture, with correlated adjustments of head and neck muscles, makes it possible for the human individual to confront his fellow face to face and to observe, comprehensively or in minute detail, the features of the natural scene. Also to give observable expression by changing play of feature as well as movements of gesticulation, posturing, and exclamatory vocalization, to the feelings and emotions which surge through him. These emotionally expressive movements pass over by degrees into those of dancing, dramatic and pictorial portrayal, and song, whence they develop into the various branches of fine art.

These three capacities, it was stated, respond severally to three aspects or relationships possessed by objects of the existing external

world. This is a fact of utmost importance, and has a crucial bearing upon our problem. For it is a consequence of this fact that the capacities in question operate under an objective direction and control which is identical for all human individuals. In this they are distinguished sharply from all those human activities, governed by peculiarities of temperament, tendency, and disposition, which produce the endless variety of individual tastes, preferences and aptitudes about which there is inevitable disagreement, not to be removed by rational argument or persuasion. Speech is a response to the generalized character and enduring order and organization of objects in the real world. Developing into highly differentiated language, speech enables man to take account of the distinctive attributes and qualities which identify classes and kinds of objects, and of the forms of relation and types of unity to be found among existing objects, by giving them names. Through the power of speech man obtains for these products of rational analysis and abstractive generalization, concrete symbols in the way of internal motor responses under his own control and capable of unlimited variation among themselves, which can act as stimuli for the recall and conceptual reorganization of the significant features of the real world.

The second of the capacities mentioned, that of manual contrivance and practical invention, answers to the means-end or (in more general terms) the cause-effect relationship among actual objects and events. Because of this, its objective orientation, it has given man a dominance over natural forces and materials in the economic field, and a measure of control over his own biological tendencies in the social. By actual manipulation with the purpose to contrive and invent, the human worker learns how the forces of nature can be combined and adapted to serve rational and social uses. In a like manner, the third capacity of aesthetic perception and emotional expression answers to a salient feature of the objective world, i.e., the patterning of colours and textures, of form and movement, of tones and rhythms, into schemes and designs observable in nature and in the appearance and behaviour of our fellows. The response to perceived patterns of sense-imagery presented by natural and social objects is primarily one of feeling and imagination which involves bodily movement—of the muscles which govern what we call the expression of the countenance and bodily gesture and posture, and of those employed in vocal exclamation and

rhythmic bodily movement. These emotionally expressive movements develop along two main lines: by social conditioning and experience into a conventionalized language of emotion in which feeling is depicted by facial expression, tones and inflection of voice, and gesture and posture, and by intensive training into the techniques of artistic performance and creation. To state, as above, that these three capacities, intellectual, practical, and aesthetic-emotional, operate under the same conditions of objective control with all individuals is, of course, by no means to say that they are exercised with the same result, or degree of accomplishment, by all men. Certainly individuals differ very widely in intellectual capacity, in practical ingenuity, and in aesthetic appreciation and artistic expression. But the point is that so far as they are capable of effective performance in any one of these fields, the activity employed operates under the direction and control of objective existence.

The exercise of the three capacities we have been considering is therefore quite unlike those activities in connection with which radical disagreement of aim among human individuals leaves no room for genuine co-operation. They act on another and a higher plane than that of the tastes, dispositions and desires in which individual differences are final and insurmountable. Articulate speech, practical contrivance and invention, and aesthetic-emotional expression are all, as we have seen, response-organs or agencies of our common social intelligence. They are, furthermore, objectively orientated, that is to say directed by the existing facts, the dynamic forces and agencies, and the patterns of sense-imagery presented alike to all individuals by the real world. Consequently, their exercise is not possibly or permissibly, but necessarily co-operative. This is clearly demonstrated by two features essential to their activity. In the first place, these three activities are not only common to all human beings, but each has its own intrinsic purpose which remains the same with all individuals who purposively exercise it. In the case of conceptual-verbal thought, the aim is knowledge of true fact, insight into the structure of the existing world and our own human nature; in the case of practical contrivance, it is power, the subjection of the forces of physical and biological nature to the uses of social intelligence; in the case of aesthetic-emotional expression, it is a felt-harmony between ourselves and the perceived world of nature and human life, in a word

beauty and imaginative sympathy. In the second place, these activities are always and inescapably co-operative in performance, in method of pursuing and attaining their respective ends. This follows of necessity from a fact about them whose full importance is not generally realized. All of them are by nature *communicative*; they proceed effectively in the case of every individual only through interchange of experience and interdependence of effort with his fellows.

It needs no argument to show that this is true of intellectual activity. All thinking occurs through the medium or vehicle of language, a highly developed social product acquired by the individual in infancy from social sources. The very forms of speech he has learned, which are vehicles of the individual's first attempts at thinking, crystallize and correlate the experiences and conclusions of many generations of his fellows. As we are all aware, even the private thinking which goes on in the solitude of one's own mind involves constant reference to the ideas and views of others, and takes the form of a dialogue with imagined associates or, if not with them, with oneself. That practical contrivance or construction is also a form of communication is perhaps not quite so obvious. Indeed, until lately, it has largely escaped the attention of psychologists themselves. It is a recent service of the gestalt psychologists to have called our attention to the fact that an individual cannot act purposively without imparting to the perception of all who observe him, something of the meaning of his action. For in simple fact, in order to perceive the meaning of others' actions, we do not as a usual thing have to stop and take the trouble (which we should, in many or most cases, not bother to do) of proceeding through a series of mental steps, first seeing their movements, then imagining from the character of these and our own past experiences of action, what is their probable aim, and thus arriving at an understanding of what they are doing. Rather, as the gestalt psychologists have shown, we directly perceive the actions of others in terms of their dynamic, goal-directed pattern; the successive movements we observe in their functional relation to the final result toward which they tend. In brief, we perceive directly what others are "trying to do." This really elementary fact is of crucial importance in showing how deeply rooted in human psychology are the procedures of co-operation in industry, political adjustment, and other fields. Familiar facts of social experience

make it quite easy to see, in the last place, that aesthetic and emotional responses of the sort described are essentially communicative. The whole demeanour of the person before us—the quick play of facial change, the brightening eye or clouding gaze, the lifting or lowering of brow, the curling of lip or setting of jaw, the slight movements of hands and arms in tentative gesture, the shrug of shoulders, the tightening or relaxing of the whole frame—is perceived in terms of the emotion we see expressed in it. We know that we cannot ourselves experience and express emotion without communicating to others much of what we feel and why we feel it. Equally conclusive is the fact that when emotional and aesthetic activity reach their highest development in artistic production and aesthetic enjoyment, communication assumes an even greater prominence. The creative artist seeks through the medium of his art, painting, architecture, poetry, music, or whatever it may be, to communicate to others the feelings which have been aroused in him by some natural scene, social episode, or fundamentally human situation.

IV

Following the path indicated, we have come in sight of values that may be fairly called the values of voluntary co-operation, since they are ends which make a similar appeal to the intelligent capacities of all men, and can be sought and attained only by quite continuous co-operation between individuals. If the values of democracy are, as we seemed warranted in concluding, the values of voluntary co-operation in the principal fields of personal co-operation, these may, in keeping with psychological fact, be accepted as the values which Democracy proposes as objectives for pursuit and sources of satisfaction. They are the values of *knowledge*, bringing with it community of insight and mutual understanding, of *power*, along with fellowship in productive labour, and of *beauty*, with imaginative and therefore humane sympathy. As thus enumerated, these values may not seem at all adequate to the role assigned them. Surely, it may be said, it is unreasonable to expect the average man in the rush and turmoil of everyday experience to become greatly excited over objectives as general and abstract as these. They are not definite and interesting enough to arouse the mass of mankind to self-sacrificing effort in their attainment or their defence. Such objections are, it must be confessed,

not without force. The values mentioned are highly general; and if what we mean by abstract is remote from the particular incitements of daily life and experience, they are abstract. But it by no means follows from this that they are unreal and unimportant to all men except the very small minority interested in social and ethical principles of an idealistic tenor. The values in question are values of personal association which is admittedly on a higher plane than the casual intercourse of the street and market-place. But such personal association is just what democracy envisages and aims to establish—the fullest and freest personal association among fellow-citizens. Maybe the very conception of democracy is in some degree the product of wishful thinking on the part of men of social and moral vision. But even if it is an ideal not easily realized under existing social conditions, it does not thereby stand condemned.

This, however, is not the complete picture by any means. While the strictures just commented on have some basis in fact, it is at the same time true that the values mentioned, though they may seem very general and abstract on first statement, have a much more direct and detailed bearing upon everyday social give-and-take than at first appears. When adopted as ruling aims, they have corollaries for social practice of urgent, present applicability to the processes of government and the relations of common life. Supposing them to be adopted as guiding principles of social behaviour, let us consider what social attitudes they prescribe and what satisfactions they promise. Take first the value of Knowledge. This calls for *alertness* and *honesty of mind* in the search for fact, and recognition of truth from whatever source it may come. But if I exercise such intellectual freedom, with sole regard for truth, I must in consistency grant the same to others. An attitude of *tolerance* is therefore prescribed. Reason also reminds me that others will be sometimes right and that I can learn from them. Hence *open-mindedness* and *docility* are further corollaries of an unbiassed respect for truth. And finally, a readiness to pool the results of one's own thinking with those of others' in free and full discussion of all the facts relevant to any issue of social importance—what is sometimes called the *scientific spirit*. Next we have the value second-named, of Power. The realization of this value requires that all individuals shall freely exercise such practical abilities as they possess in gaining the material and social means of satisfaction

in life; i.e., it requires *individual initiative* and *enterprise*. But if all individuals proceed independently in this field of practical enterprise, the result is bound to be never-ending competition, conflict, and general frustration. To prevent such stultifying of individual inventiveness, two attitudes are required. One, representing the best that can be done in certain cases, is the readiness to consent to reciprocal limitations of opportunity and reward, in a word, to *compromise*. The other, more effective and finally satisfying, is the willingness to seek and attain power *with* others. Such willingness is rationally dictated by the fact that power, the subjection of physical and biological forces to the uses of social intelligence, is a common human interest, efficiently pursued only when individuals integrate their unique initiatives and abilities in the prosecution of a common social task. When productive labour is thus carried on in the spirit of *social loyalty*, the result is the fullest realization of power through *working comradeship with others*. The third value is Beauty. Its realization calls for the untrammelled exercise by individuals of such capacity for aesthetic appreciation as they severally possess, in the enjoyment of the nuances of social interplay and the beauties of nature and the arts, for freedom of aesthetic taste and enjoyment. But the exercise of such aesthetic taste by an individual depends for its opportunity and scope upon standards of artistic creation in the society in which he lives, therefore upon a measure of agreement on his part with others. Such agreement may go no further than a susceptibility to the contagion of mass emotion, astonishment, fear, anger, mirth, romantic or sentimental affection, aroused by the sense-symbols of particular groups, religious, political, etc., or by popular slogans, songs, plays, which have a widespread, ephemeral appeal. But even in such case it may produce a satisfying, if transitory, *harmony of feeling* between the individual and his fellows. Or the agreement may spring from a sympathetic insight into, and appreciation of, the fundamental features of our common human life, which transcend differences in race, religion, upbringing, education, etc., and render all responsive to the universally human appeal of natural beauty and great art. Thus the realization of beauty calls for *imaginative human sympathy* as well as *aesthetic perception* and *appreciation*.

V

There is no doubt that the interrelated values described exert real influence over the social life of men, appealing to the common intelligence of mankind and by their authority constraining individuals to co-operate as free persons in their thinking, acting, and emotional-aesthetic responses. But doubt may still be felt whether their influence is indeed strong enough to induce that continuing unity of purpose and readiness for concerted action required for large-scale effective national co-operation. They make no appeal, it may be said, to motives which are most powerful in governing the social behaviour of the vast majority of mankind, such as the desire for economic security and comfort, and for social recognition and prestige. On the other hand, religious beliefs, social (and even cosmic) philosophies, myths of noble racial or national origin and destiny to conquer, may do so, particularly when their influence is increased to the maximum by childhood instruction, youth organizations, industrial and social regimentation, nationalistic pomp and ritual, and insistent propaganda which utilizes all the different art-forms and mechanical means of communication and publicity. We are impressed in spite of ourselves by the successful use made by dictator states of these cultural agencies in causing the individual citizen to identify his own interest and ambition with the national greatness and power. Recent anthropological study has further shown, as we have seen, that it has been the rule for the religion, art, education, kinship and family organization of social groups to be so consistently inter-related as to provide a powerful reinforcement to motives making for social solidarity. We are led to wonder, consequently, whether present-day democracies can hope to elicit the degree of co-operative effort required for their own survival unless they obtain for the values of freedom and voluntary co-operation cultural backing and support from religious belief, educational methods and artistic standards, which are consistent and harmonious with these values. "We have to ask ourselves," writes Professor Orton, "whether the practice of *laisser-faire* in cultural matters is giving us a morale high enough to stand the strain of the coming crisis. . . . Can we consistently with the principle of liberty in education and culture, attain such an intelligent harmony of will and idea as will preserve us from becoming

enemies of one another and a menace to our neighbors?"[7] Most of us would go as far as Professor Orton and agree that support should be given to organizations established to foster educational broadcasting, adult education, and the realization of the cultural possibilities of the radio and motion-picture theatre. But some would hold that democracy in the present emergency, forced as it is to fight for its continued existence, would be justified in resorting to every device of early education and adult propaganda supplemented by drastic censorship, which would implant in the minds of its citizens that form of religious belief, of social philosophy and of nationalistic sentiment allied to, and consistent with, its aims. "Allied to its aims"; yes, but just there is the rub. If the purpose of democracy is to establish freedom of individual thought and utterance, of individual initiative and enterprise in the practical sphere, and of individual taste in aesthetic enjoyment and recreation, it is impossible to see how democracy could impose, or even undertake to teach, any specific religious belief, cosmic philosophy, historic or economic theory, standards of artistic excellence or social propriety, without stultifying its own aims and betraying its own values.

In connection with the values characteristic of democracy, an interesting further suggestion is found in a process or law of social change formulated and emphasized by Mr Bateson in the book to which reference has been made. Mr Bateson has been convinced of the great importance of a process of social differentiation within the group which he calls *schismogenesis*. This he defines as "a process of differentiation in the norms of individual behaviour resulting from the cumulative interaction between individuals."[8] Many systems of relationship between individuals and groups contain, he holds, such a tendency toward progressive change. If, for example, the pattern of cultural behaviour appropriate to individual A can be culturally labelled as self-assertive, and individual B is culturally expected to reply with submissive behaviour, then it is likely that this submission will evoke a further assertion, and that this assertion will demand a still further submission. Detailed illustration of this process is found in the sex behaviour of the Iatmul. In this tribe the culturally approved behaviour of the

[7]William Orton, "Culture and *Laisser-Faire*" (*Atlantic Monthly*, CLV, 1935, p. 749).

[8]Gregory Bateson, *op. cit.*, p. 175.

men is assertive, histrionic, and exhibitionistic, that of the women is submissive, admiring, and unobtrusive, and the tendency of social change is to accentuate this difference in sex-behaviour pattern. This form of schismogenesis, Bateson calls complementary. He distinguishes from it another type of progressive change, the symmetrical, in which a competitive situation between groups of individuals encourages in an equal and cumulative degree more and more extreme behaviour on both sides, as when the boasting of one group leads to boasting by another, and this leads to still more extravagant boasting by the first, and so on. He does not believe, furthermore, that schismogenesis is limited in operation to primitive cultures, but is convinced that, as a fundamental law of social differentiation, it is operative in all society. In the culture of modern society he finds many examples of schismogenesis: of its complementary form, in the parent-child and husband-wife relationship, in economic and social class differences, and in the culturally prescribed behaviour differences of white and coloured races when in continuous contact; of the symmetrical form, in international rivalries. He finds an added instance of complementary schismogenesis in the process by which dictators are pushed by the adulation of their officials and people into a state which seems, in the eyes of the world, to be megalomaniac or paranoid.

While Mr Bateson admits that the process of schismogenesis may result in behaviour patterns which represent when first established a satisfactory answer to the difficult problem of human relationship, he is more concerned with showing the injurious social effects which follow when it is permitted to proceed with its own increasing momentum. The over-specialization which results from a culturally imposed extreme of behaviour is bound to result in some distortion of personality. Sooner or later such distortion produces a state of hostility in which each party resents the behaviour of the other as the cause of its own distortion, an increasing inability even to understand the emotional reactions of the other party, and growing mutual jealousy. If these influences continue unchecked, the inevitable result is conflict which undermines personal integrity and social solidarity, and brings about speedy disintegration and total collapse. Fortunately, as Bateson points out, there are factors at work in all societies which limit and control schismogenesis and tend to establish, in the areas of social interaction affected, something like dynamic equilibrium.

Thinking of our own problem, we are fully cognizant of the fact that democracy permits and expedites a process of social differentiation akin to schismogenesis, mostly of the symmetrical or competitive type, but sometimes of the complementary. It does this by guaranteeing individual freedom—of political opinion, of religious belief and practice, of occupational choice and economic enterprise, of taste in amusement, recreation, and art. The effect is to encourage an almost unlimited diversity of creed and cult, of economic interest and outlook, of *mores* of family life and social enjoyment, of aim and technique in every field of artistic production and public entertainment, differences which are confirmed and accentuated by the controversy and dispute which continually go on between champions of opposing creeds, political parties, and economic and social arrangements. It appears, moreover, that we can go further than Mr Bateson and see in such diversification a positive advantage, in so far as it enlivens and enriches social life, making more variegated the culture pattern of democratic societies. The social advantage following from such diversification is well illustrated by a case of differentiation not limited, to be sure, to democracies or dependent upon the individual freedom which they ensure. Surely social life has been made more interesting and meaningful by the differences in personal interest, outlook and occupation between the sexes, differences which on the whole seem to have increased the unity and cohesiveness of family and communal life. Exception would at once be taken to the suggestion that the wide differences in experience and opportunity between economic and social classes may be thus regarded. But even those who look forward to the "classless society" do not propose to eliminate the difference of social function (with accompanying divergence of aim and outlook) between the various industrial, professional, and political services. Hence we are justified, I believe, in regarding this diversification of experience and activity, which follows as a necessary consequence of individual liberty, as one of the positive values of democracy. Particularly so, since in societies in which freedom is exercised in the spirit of co-operation, each individual in some measure participates through intercommunication in the aims, activities, and satisfactions of those engaged in different occupations, and having different views and tastes from his own, thus enlarging the scope, significance, and satisfaction of his own experience. Indeed, there is special reason

for stressing the value of such diversification today when mechanical methods for the mass production and distribution, not only of economic goods and luxuries, but also of ideas and opinions, and every form of art and source of entertainment, tend to reduce social activity and interchange to one dead level of uniformity.

Still, the process of social differentiation is fraught with great danger—especially so for democracy, which creates conditions favourable to its growth. As Mr Bateson makes clear, schismogenesis is an edged tool which cuts ever more deeply, sometimes to shape with greater precision different pieces to fit more perfectly into the mosaic of the social pattern, but sometimes to deepen lines of cleavage and strain which eventually fracture and shatter it. Up to a certain point, it increases the interest, zest, and fruitfulness of social interchange; beyond that point it produces growing antagonism, mutual suspicion, rancorous hostility, and open conflict. In a recent article, Dr Karl A. Menninger,[9] outstanding psychiatrist, draws upon his professional experience to show with telling effect how differences in personal outlook and social role between men and women, due principally, he thinks, to physical and economic domination by men, have been productive of latent antagonism, positive hostility, and open warfare between the sexes. "In the eagerness of winning a wife or the joy of obtaining a husband, both men and women for a time forget these resentments. They cannot believe that any ever existed or could exist." But with the passage of a little time, earlier resentments and frustrations connected with differences in the sex roles revive, with the final result that differentiation in personal point of view, in taste and preferences and aptitudes, between men and women, which was at first no obstacle to conjugal love, becomes the source of irritation, dislike, and unceasing strife. Dr Menninger is led by a consideration of this and other facts to conclusions which lie outside the scope of the present discussion, but the facts themselves illustrate in striking fashion the danger inherent in the process of cumulative differentiation within a social culture. Just here, at the danger point in this matter, an imperative obligation (which is also an urgent counsel of safety) rests on democracy. This is to see that the progressive divergence in behaviour and in status between component groups and classes, which may be consequent upon the

[9] "Men, Women and Hate" (*Atlantic Monthly*, 1939, CLIII, p. 160).

exercise of individual liberty, does not reach the stage of open conflict. Such conflict, as understood by the social psychologist, goes on simultaneously in two fields, that of individual personality where it is productive of neuroses and psychoses, and that of social interaction where it produces dissension, rebellion, and factional strife. There is reason to think that the danger point has already been reached in the cumulative differentiation of education and opportunity, of opinion and interest, between the minority of well-off people who, as investors, promoters, and executives, control the course of economic activity, and the much greater number of their fellow citizens who live not far above the subsistence level and who are subject to the uncertainties, anxieties and privations of periodic business depressions and widespread unemployment.

THE COLLAPSE OF FRANCE

J. S. Will

FRANCE has suffered defeat before but never before in her history has her defeat spelled such unqualified disaster. To speak only of the nineteenth century, after Waterloo in 1815 and after Sedan in 1870, in spite of the devastation of wide areas of her territory and in spite of an army of occupation, it may be said that her soil remained inviolate and her spirit undismayed. For her present abasement and servitude no parallel in her past can be found unless we revert to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and then the parallel weakens in favour of those distant times and by the fact that then the English were her masters. The hopelessness, the apathy, the mental misery, the unrest and disorder which caused the collapse of France in the Hundred Years War can be matched through the two thousand years of her history only by the state of her mind in the present generation.

Over the present disorder, which superficially seems to be the unavoidable consequence of a great military disaster, there presides an administration whose existence rests upon an anarchy much more profound than that created by the destruction of the French armies. This administration lacks constitutional sanctions, of course, and exists only by the consent, though not necessarily by the will, of the conqueror. Its existence is the result of what in Old France would have been called a palace revolution, since the National Assembly, or a truncated edition of it, voted itself out of existence after having nominated as its successor, this commission, as it might be styled, whose real authority could emanate only from a general election. France then remains without a constitution and, in a tremendously reduced area, lives by the will of Marshal Pétain.

Joan of Arc was the self-appointed Saviour of her country. She claimed to be divinely inspired to her task. The mission of Pétain, whatever legends may gather about his name, plainly has more mundane origins. The ways of Providence are often inscrutable and divination is a dangerous pastime. There are no evidences that Pétain was predestined from all eternity to this particular task. But there are indications of a certain preparation in time, beginning long before the present war became inevitable.

A German may not be a very subtle creature, but his cunning is indisputable and his ways circuitous. It seems probable from the course of events that on the chess-board of European politics the move of Pétain from the post of Generalissimo of the French Armies to the French ambassadorship to Spain, and his move in the final crisis from Franco's side to the Vice-Premiership of France, then to the Premiership, were fathered from Rome through an unsavoury politician called Laval, who recently has been Pétain's right-hand man.

In France for some years Pétain has been a name to conjure with. During the preceding war he had been Commander of the French armies and later again Generalissimo. He was the oldest surviving hero. Was he not the saviour of Verdun? Had he not pacified and recalled to their duty a despairing and mutineering soldiery threatening revolution, in 1917? Tall, handsome, dignified, he is an imposing figure in any surroundings. As he has grown older the earlier sentimentality of his countenance has taken on a moving spirituality. A desire to save human material was one of the most conspicuous aspects of his military tactics. Thus he seemed to be not only a fine representative of France but an assurance to France.

Such a history and such popularity were indispensable assets in the head of the French state if France and the axis powers were to work together in any sort of harmony. A similarity in certain fundamental ideas were of equal if not greater importance. Here was another reason for regarding Pétain as the inevitable choice. This soldier, like many of his comrades, has never concealed his preference for an authoritarian form of government. Nor has he at any time concealed his nationalism. And while neither the one nor the other of these ideas correspond exactly to Nazi totalitarianism and nationalism, they both resemble Nazi doctrines in a common aversion from the tendencies of democratic forms.

What, then, are Pétain's ideological affiliations? Who are his friends? One at least of his greatest friends was Paul Bourget. If the names Charles Maurras, Léon Daudet, and Pierre Lasserre are added, we discover the general geography of the mind of the present head of the French state. We recognize, as well, the militant group of which the newspaper *L'Action Française* is the focus. Infrequent and vague as newspaper reports from Vichy must now be, an acquaintance with Bourget's novels and Frédéric

Le Play's *Social Reform in France* will reveal at once the sources of this soldier's recent pronouncements of policy concerning labour, education, the family, the nation, and the Jews. The general framework of the ideas of this group is the assumption that society is a living organism developing from within. It grows by evolution and not by revolution. Revolution is disease. The nineteenth century is a great sore, a plague-spot on the historic body politic, revealing a bemused people living in theories and abstractions and high-sounding phrases, giving evidence of a kind of moral curvature, with the result that the administration is handed over to intriguing nonentities, government is continually in a state of crisis, authority is contemned, society filled with evil passions and dissensions, the family broken up, irreligion rampant, woman demeaned.

The only cure for aberration may be a shock cure. The treatment prescribed by these doctors of traditionalism is a radical one. Men of goodwill must take advantage of the crises perpetually recurring in democratic governments or, if need be, must provoke a crisis for the overthrow of the existing régime. In other words, the prescription is homeopathic. Revolution is to cure revolution and place the strong man at the head of the state.

Lo, the crisis came! It was not a revolution. It was not from within. It came from without. It came with thunders and with lightnings, with super-engines of destruction, with tanks and planes and hordes of fanatics which were not to be warded off by walls or by small arms or by the bare hands of inferior numbers. It had come once before in 1914 to the same generation in a similar way. And again after the holocaust of almost three years of war, it had come to the harassed troops of 1917 more insidiously, with whisperings and suspicions and incitement to revolution. All this, however, was conjured away by the Clémenceaus, the Fochs, and the Pétains. The crisis came once more in 1940 after the defeat of the armies and also after fifteen years of treacherous somnolence on the part of the Pétains and the Weygands, fifteen years during which all the insolences and perfidies of government for party instead of for people became plain to the common man and disgust and distress and fear fell upon the country and faith in any transcendent went out of it. And there were no Clémenceaus to help. Then the strong man is Marshal Pétain. O Bourget! O Maurras! O Daudet!

Extra-parliamentary forces such as the *Action Française* pul-

lulated in France, each group with its own platform and its own methods for exerting pressure upon the Chamber of Deputies as well as for enlightening the citizen. What was distinctive of the *Action Française* was not the number of its adherents but the firmness of its convictions, the intellectual character of its criticism, and the vigour of its action. Freemasonry had a strong political bias in France and had controlled many a government. The League of the Rights of Man was a large radical association which exercised considerable influence by publications, meetings, and petitions. The Republican Federation was anti-Radical. The League of Patriots was violently nationalistic, the League of the Republic was anti-Conservative, the Reform Republican Federation favoured decentralization. There were a score of other similar nursemaids to government and sowers of mental confusion.

Nearly all of these societies, with the exception of the first three had been formed since 1920 and testified to the growing number of cross-currents in political life, which bewildered and alienated the ordinary voter. Many of them represented groups or parties in the House itself. Indeed many of them had been founded by past premiers and past presidents, Millerand, Painlevé, Herriot, and others.

In the Chamber the parties were so numerous that no one party could govern alone. Instead of parties, indeed, they were more or less fluid groups, often differing so slightly in doctrine that they could be manipulated for special interests by comparatively few persons while the public remained apathetic and contemptuous. The role of government reduced itself, in these circumstances, to play for position and the jockeying of parties, the member's function seeming to exhaust itself in the answering of the letters of his constituents or speechifying on generalities. The growing incompetence of the Chamber was well illustrated in matters of finance, the budget, oftener than not, being voted at the end of the year. To such a pass had come, about fifteen years ago, the growing distrust of the parliamentary system that, in a letter addressed to the President of the Republic, the greatest manufacturers of France proposed that the Chamber solemnly renounce its control of finances and hand over its powers to a selected body of businessmen and experts.

Pondering on external relations, the normal Frenchman was led to view his position there in the same sombre colours in which

home affairs were garbed. France had surely been victorious in 1918, yet what benefits were to be enjoyed went to Germany. It was Germany that had her way by self-assertion and not France by self-abnegation. What profit was there morally or otherwise in trying to please all and sundry? He knew that a military victory in 1870 had conferred upon the victor a patent as Director of the intellectual life of the world, and he was so foolish as to wonder why it was not true fifty years later. From the time of his abandonment in the matter of guarantees by Britain and the United States in 1919, he felt the incurable pangs of isolation. Concessions were always in his role. He could not follow the example of Germany and refuse to pay his debts because of the impudent repudiation of reparation payments; he thought too much of the good opinion of the United States in matters of money. He had not the spirit to refuse military parity to Germany, nor to halt Germany's march into the Rhine provinces, nor to interfere in Spain, nor to back up his word to Czechoslovakia. There were always elections or some such pother in the way. Now it had become too late to interfere in anything, and everybody would begin to wonder whether, after all, he was really a strong man. Sometimes he had a feeling of sympathy for Germany and envied her. He would like to imitate her swiftness of decision.

Yet France was strong. There was always the Army. The Army was invincible. Away with respect and consideration when it is the Army's move! But, what has happened? The invincible Army is not moving. It sits almost silent behind walls, as if cement could defend the hearth and the heart. For the first time in his life the Frenchman heard that the defensive is the best offensive. French lives were to be husbanded and Germans were to be slaughtered. Ugly rumours flew to and fro. The defensive must mean unpreparedness. This is a new kind of warfare. Down went Poland and Finland after untold suffering. Away blew Norway and Denmark and Holland and Belgium. The Germans are actually at the gates and the English are not here. The Cabinet changes. There are changes in the High Command. Treachery is everywhere. Despair and listlessness settle down upon him.

This Frenchman knows now why for fifteen years, ever since Poincaré, he had longed for a leader, for a Clémenceau or a Poincaré who were capable of thinking only of their country. Would the

Army never hold? Panic seizes him. The government has fled! There is now only one thing to save—my life! And he is swallowed up by fleeing multitudes who, too, have only their lives to save before the hordes that drop murder from the skies. Army, Government, and People have collapsed.

* * *

The third cycle in the history of France has now made a full revolution and brought the whole question of governmental forms back to its starting-point one hundred and fifty-one years ago. The country that laid the foundations of democracy in torment and blood, and spread the doctrine of popular government through the world, has seen the collapse of its faith. The Houses of Parliament united voted themselves out of existence, not because the armies were defeated but because the spirit of defeatism could not be conquered. Relatively the *débâcle* was just as unexpected and just as severe in 1870, but then the spirit was unquenchable and the Republic was established. Marshal Pétain is reported to have said that perhaps in two hundred years France would again be a Great Power. That was said when he believed Britain could never hold, let alone defeat the enemy. But Britain is holding and will conquer. With Britain's victory will come the restoration of France. Yet, although it was the successful working of free institutions in Great Britain which inspired their adoption and development in France, it seems doubtful whether the restoration of France will be followed by the re-establishment of these free institutions without severe modifications. Italy without a duce will be the more likely model, especially since the Italian form, minus a Mussolini, was a French suggestion for a French Constitution about a hundred years ago.

THE WAR AND OPINION

I. ABERRATION OF HISTORIANS

LIONEL M. GELBER

IT is a commonplace of our time that a war of ideas has preceded and accompanied the clash of arms. The ideological antagonisms of the age are headline news. But there are other notions at work in North America to which we have attached less importance, yet whose effect may be almost as grave. From the start we have known where those stand who have said that this war is one for democracy; there has been no mystery about those who denounced the conflict as a struggle between rival imperialisms. But there are others, driven by events to change their opinions, who, having swung too wholeheartedly from one view to another, may in the end, with disastrous emotional and intellectual results, as suddenly revert to their original positions. For if men are presented only with an irreconcilable choice of contrasting extremes the disillusionment which set in after the war of 1914-18 might follow this one; the spiritual defeatism which palsied the will of the victors on both sides of the Atlantic may have an outcome as suicidal again. For the Allied case is woven not of one but of several strands; is composed of elements that, far from being mutually exclusive, support and complement each other. Depicted as a conflict between rival imperialisms or as a war between hostile methods of government and conceptions of life, the struggle is never properly regarded as a mixture of the two. The fallacy that the Allied cause to be worthy must not be political as well as ideological is one of which the future consequences are disquieting to envisage. Nothing but harm is done by the conviction that realism and idealism in public affairs should be antithetical and at daggers drawn. It is equally injudicious to expect that the Allied banner must be all one colour—black or white, either stainless in purity or foul as its adversary's. For are we not inviting a recurrence of old trouble if we visualize international affairs as we should want them to be rather than as they are, and if we frame ideal policies in absolute instead of relative terms? During the past twenty years did not some of our best spirits, failing to achieve the kind of world they desired, retreat into that very mood of cynical passivity which allowed the world to become infinitely worse than it had been, an odious caricature of their dreams, the precise

negation of their own generous impulses? And is the same dismal cycle to repeat itself? For even the high-minded can be muddle-headed.

Surely the hour has struck to re-assess all those ideas which have furnished the stuff of North American thinking on international affairs since 1919. For if by the history that has been written and taught, and if by their approach to the discussion of world politics, the Western peoples have been blinded and confused, the moral bases are impaired on which the defence of our society must rest. This, then, is not to be dismissed as a remote academic question. It is one of the most profound national interest. We have only to look at England and France where, for a critical decade, dominant sections of the press, of business and of politics, heedless to all but their own self-conceit, paved the road to a calamity which was foreseen and could have been avoided. And just because of oceanic distance does anyone suppose that the moral ravages from false doctrine in international affairs have been less acute over here? In England what deluded that country was the smug refusal of the opportunists and improvisers who surrounded MacDonald, Baldwin, and Chamberlain to ascertain and respect the experience of the past. At the root of it all was their contempt for history. And it is significant that those whose warnings met with loudest derision were the real patriots steeped, like Winston Churchill, in the lessons of the past. For a great Empire and little minds, as Burke declared, go ill together. But the teachings of history are one thing; the teachers of history are another. If Western civilization has come to its present plight out of contempt for history, are not those who write and expound it somewhat to blame for bringing history into contempt? How many scholarly reputations in the field of public affairs spring from the voluminous publication of arid facts with an almost total incomprehension of what those facts mean? At this testing-time no reputation, whether it be that of scholar or teacher, writer or politician, should be sacrosanct. Can it be affirmed that intelligent American opinion has been prepared for the situation in which the United States now finds herself, for the world alternatives confronting her, by the type of history Americans have been advised to read, by what they have been told are the clues to international relations, by the intellectual and public leadership that has been forthcoming? And if not, why not? Perhaps in books and periodicals, in Chairs at the Universities, in articles written and

research undertaken, the standards have been quantitative rather than qualitative; sensational when not pedantic; more often learned than sensible, penetrating, or informed. For the spirit of the age has been embodied in the creed of the "Wise Guy"—a cult that, in its resolve never to be fooled about war and peace issues, not only fooled itself but a complete generation; a generation so hard-boiled in its scepticism that its rigid mental attitude became one of inverted credulity. And if the things men do arise from that in which they believe, the things left undone, even with the barbarian at the gates, may be explained by that in which they have been made to disbelieve.

Consider the school of thought which tried to persuade us that the last war was bad and yet, shocked out of its dogmatic slumbers, now proclaims that this one is good. Reflect upon it well, since if it had not darkened counsel about the conflict and aftermath of 1914-18, the American people might have been more early on guard against similar dangers by which it is beset today. For this war, we are assured, is a "different" sort of war. Certainly it is different in scale and scope; but scarcely as different as all that. Are not some of the contemporaries of Franklin Roosevelt giving themselves too Pharisaical an air by implying that they are better able than the contemporaries of Woodrow Wilson to descry a clear moral issue? Or do they imagine that aspects of American national security which were plain even to A. T. Mahan, John Hay, and Theodore Roosevelt, are vouchsafed to them by special revelation in a less clouded strategic light? For one cannot help but suspect that this theory of a "different" war is a rationalization; a smoke-screen for some observers—prone hitherto to peer at world politics through the wrong end of the telescope—covering their retirement to fresh vantage-points. Less than a century and a half ago Britain had to resist another prolonged bid, fired by revolutionary ideas, for European hegemony. Being French these ideas, even at their most destructive, were, of course, seldom wholly at variance with civilized values; they marked in their most constructive phase an immense advance towards the liberation and enlightenment of humanity. By comparison Hitlerism is not so much a swollen torrent of fertilizing revolution as a violent wave of devastating reaction; a modern reversion to organized savagery submerging the best in European culture and bringing the worst to the top. But even thus terribly intensified, are the issues entirely without

precedent? Might not the claim that they are, be the pretence of those who, until the last moment, did not detect their true nature; who, having thus placed themselves in a predicament, seek a shelter from behind which they can emerge neither intellectually naked nor politically ashamed? The spectacle of Europe in Hitlerian chains is hideous to contemplate. But why did many American historians and publicists face hitherto with equanimity the prospect which loomed earlier in the century of Europe's domination by a German militarism almost as ruthless? If it is a good cause to oppose Nazism was it not also a good cause to oppose its prior manifestation of Prussianism? Was the continental preponderance of Allied arms and diplomacy any less essential then than now to the freedom and safety of the New World? Was Britain in 1914-18 —on the eve of universal suffrage—any less the bastion of Parliamentary democracy? Was the Royal Navy any less the Western Hemisphere's main line of defence? If today we share a common peril with all these, why did some writers and politicians not perceive that we had shared with them a common peril before?

Now this matter is more far-reaching than appears on the surface. For many were imbued with the doctrine that, the last war having been evil in origins and purpose, the peace settlement was no better. By a misunderstanding or misinterpretation of the basic issues of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, the ground was thus rendered fertile for that rank and noxious crop sowed by German revisionists and native apologists for the Nazis. Leaving the mind of the younger generation politically, and therefore strategically, unready for the rude awakening that has come, such ideas were pioneer Fifth Columns, Trojan Horses, manœuvred with skill and plausibility, whose debilitating influence on the temper of the whole Western world has been so painfully evident. The havoc they have wrought may be passed over in silence today. The more robust historians of the future will deal with them less gently.

But, among the paradoxes of debate upon the war, few have been more odd than the tacit assumption of friend and foe alike that to call it a struggle between rival imperialisms was to belittle the Allied cause. Yet, as with the conflict of 1914-18, that is a perfectly accurate description. For there is nothing irremediably sinister in modern imperialism, unless you make it so. It all depends on whose imperialism you are talking about. If German

imperialism is finally victorious that will be horrible; if the imperialism triumphs which bred the concept of the British Commonwealth of Nations, mankind may breathe easily once again. A victory for Italian imperialism would be execrable; the reinforcement of that imperialism which, since the turn of the century, has rendered the United States ever more capable of defending the Western Hemisphere will be applauded by level-headed, free men everywhere. Among intellectuals there is no stranger phenomenon than the spell exercised over them by incantations out of a Communist rubric and one which Soviet imperialism in Eastern Europe, in the Balkans, in the Baltic, and in the Far East, has itself unhesitatingly repudiated. For in their outlook it is the self-styled political sophisticates who have been most bound by taboos and shibboleths, who have shown in their stereotype judgments on international affairs a less discriminating grasp of fundamentals than some of those they are often quick to condemn.

Ironically enough it was no other than Colonel Charles Lindbergh who stumbled upon a large part of the truth about the war. Certainly he is closer to it than was Lord Halifax when the Foreign Secretary, denying that the struggle was one between young and old, portrayed it at Oxford as a conflict between youth and youth. For while it is Hitler's young robots that do his fighting for him, they have been as clay in the hands of those aging and middle-aged figures who created and exploited the Nazidom. As for the youth of Britain and France, it was not they but the contemporaries of Lord Halifax himself who so failed to protect their countries in time that the younger generation must pay in blood for the folly and stupidity of its elders. Much more refreshing is it to agree with Colonel Lindbergh that this war's prize is the balance of power. Of other aims on the British side he seems unconscious. But where, at rock-bottom, most of us diverge from him is that he would not, as we would, find repellent a world in which the Germans held lastingly a preponderance of strength on the European continent. Yet even while moving in the wrong direction (away, that is, from the tradition of liberty which made his country great and the broad strategic foundations which made it safe) he is on the right track when he treats the war as one for power—a conflict of national systems before it can begin to be a war for freedom or any ideology. Alike in this, that they both need power, the Germans seek it as an end in itself, the British as a means to an end. And

that is why, in the titanic contest, there is scarcely an objective cherished by civilized men which is not at stake: the maintenance of a world order of which Britain has, since the fall of Napoleon, been the chief trustee, and the only order in which democracy may either survive or be restored; the hope of further amelioration in the lot of dependent peoples, not only in India but everywhere; the conservation of supreme values which transcend even these and are the principal heritage of Western society itself. For, however far from our goals we may be (and we are too apt to take for granted the great extent of ground already covered) German power, as expressed in its dynamic philosophy of politics, of race, and of culture, would blot them out entirely. After all, as the valiant champion of the world's cause, the British Empire is not obliged to stand before it with immaculate hands; if Britain's be scarred and soiled, whose are not? But clean or soiled, they are hands and not an iron heel. With the preponderance of continental power once more in Allied possession, men may try to build in the future better than they have done in the past. Under the iron heel of Germany nothing of promise will remain. The war for power, the imperialist war, is the war for humanity itself.

That the real factors shaping events are now recognized in the United States her prevailing mood is ample proof. Nazi and Fascist aggressions did not fully alarm the American people until there was a catastrophic breach in the barriers against them provided by the power of others—the land-power of France, the sea and air power of Britain, the European balance of power which their joint system upheld. For it has been a cardinal error in the diplomacy of all peace-loving countries to mistake the power of words for words of power. Now the West, with incalculable effort and sorrow, must strive to regain that superiority in strength which after 1919, and more especially after 1933, it so recklessly cast to the winds. Whatever may have been said or written to the contrary, the things for which it fights today are the very things—heightened and redoubled—for which it fought twenty-five years ago. Will the fruits of victory be wasted again or wantonly thrown away? Not if the lessons of the past are learned, not if the free nations turn for guidance to such as know and appreciate those lessons. Too long bemused by many of their own intellectual and political leaders, the Western peoples must weigh with care all henceforth that they hear and read on international affairs. For

what counts there is power—an element by whose presence or absence everything else is controlled. What this war must determine is who the owners of power are to be and how it will be used. And by that decision over vast stretches of the civilized earth the fate of our world will be decreed, the future of democracy laid bare, and those ways of life crushed or preserved which distinguish Western man from the helot or the beast.

II. CANADA'S AMERICAN PROBLEM* — EDGAR MCINNIS

The past four months have seen the beginning of a new and vitally important stage in Canada's world relations. With the collapse of France, the balance of power shifted its centre of gravity; and as that centre moved toward the western hemisphere, the essential place of Canada in the international structure became subject to a scrutiny more intense than it has hitherto undergone. The result has been illuminating, not only for outsiders, but for Canadians themselves. And among the things we have been forced to recognize is the multiplicity of loyalties to which we are inescapably committed by our position and by our past.

The result of the most recent developments, implicit in the Ogdensburg agreement on defence, is that we may have to accept the realization that we have obligations toward the United States. It is true that these obligations are mutual. Mr John MacCormac* has described Canada as "America's problem," but he would readily admit that Canada has a major problem on her own hands in her relations with the United States. This is something which the American public is slowly beginning to realize. It is something which Canadians have known for a long time, but whose implications they have often been extremely reluctant to accept. But these are growing steadily more difficult to evade as the destinies of Britain and the United States become more inextricable, and as Canada must face the task of reconciling the views and interests of these two great nations with those of each other and of herself.

This may easily impose itself as our most important task for a generation to come. It is a task implicit not only in our history and our geography, but in the fact of our relative size. We are engaged in learning once again, by bitter example, that ancient

*_Canada: America's Problem_, by John MacCormac, New York, Viking (Macmillan), 1940, $3.25.

historical fact—the unhappy lot of small nations in a lawless and predatory world. But their sin consists not so much in being small as in failing to recognize the necessary implications of that fact. A weak state cannot survive by itself. Its only hope is in union with others whose interests it shares. For Canada, these others are pre-eminently Britain and the United States, and both are essential to our tranquillity. They are no longer alternatives as they seemed to be during the past century, when we were urged to cleave to the one and despise the other. They are moving toward a partnership in world affairs, and to a share in that partnership we are inevitably committed.

The necessity has become more pressing as the United States has awakened to the fact that Canada's actions may seriously affect her own policy. The success of Mr MacCormac's book is itself an indication of a growing realization that, in his own words, "Canada, for the United States, has become the most important foreign country in the world." Some of the reasons for this he discusses in his earlier chapters; the remainder of the book is intended to explain to Americans the structure and outlook of the Canadian nation. Since it was written, new developments have accentuated the need for understanding on both sides, and for a clear definition of the future policies which each country will adopt to meet the new necessities revealed by the war.

From the American side, Mr MacCormac sums up the problem in a sentence: "Canada, so long as she fights in European wars and enjoys the protection of the Monroe Doctrine, makes isolation impossible for the United States." It is fortunately possible to accept this truism without drawing from it such conclusions as those of Colonel Lindbergh. But it would be wise for Canadians to recognize that, under certain circumstances, those conclusions might well take on a specious plausibility. It is perhaps fortunate for us that Colonel Lindbergh is both naïve and sincere. A clever and unscrupulous propagandist could make out a telling case which, however false fundamentally, would have a very profound effect on those sections of American opinion which are unready to recognize that the ancient traditions of American policy have to be adapted to meet entirely new conditions in world affairs.

One of our great problems is to prevent such a situation from developing. The United States has become aware of the impossibility of remaining indifferent to what happens to Canada, and

of the fact that in the last resort America must act to prevent a foreign conquest of this country. Inevitably, that realization of responsibility has been accompanied by a real concern over the sort of policies that Canada may choose to pursue in future. The United States could not contemplate unmoved the adoption by Canada of a course of action which might endanger American security. At the moment there is every desire to respect Canada's complete independence. But if that independence were used in a way that endangered the safety of the United States, it would inevitably come to be regarded as a menace which must ultimately be removed.

There, whether we like it or not, is the ultimate limitation on our freedom to choose any course of policy which we may desire. It is not, however, a very grave limitation in practice. Our interests and outlook are so close to those of the United States, and so alien to those of any conceivable enemy of America, that it is hard to imagine any circumstances which would lead us to range ourselves on the side of such an enemy. But since the choice is in fact inevitable, it is of the utmost importance, not only that we should recognize this fact, but that we should remove from American minds all doubt about our acceptance of it, and that the acceptance should not be passive and grudging, but implemented by a positive policy. It is by such a policy that we can best convince our neighbours that our continued independence is an asset rather than a potential danger. Our best way to avoid being looked on as a subordinate is to prove our right to be treated as a partner and an equal.

What many Canadians are reluctant to recognize is that this implies a more positive policy, not only toward Washington, but toward London as well. Their reluctance is based on a curious subconscious conviction that independence of policy means not merely disloyalty but potential if not actual hostility. Nothing, of course, could be farther from the truth. The adoption of an active and constructive policy by Ottawa, far from being a disadvantage to Great Britain, might easily be a welcome and heartening source of support in the difficult years which lie ahead.

We have long had the opportunity to adopt such a policy. It has not been entirely Britain's fault if we have failed to extend our theoretical equality of status to practical equality of stature. There has, of course, been the excuse of a real disparity in size and

resources and experience. But it has not been enough to justify our tepid and negative attitude in the past; it will be distinctly less so in future; and we are already facing the prospect that we shall soon have thrust upon us the responsibility for a positive and constructive role, not only in the affairs of the Commonwealth, but in the relations of the Commonwealth with the rest of the world.

For the time has come when our lingering colonial dependence on Britain is no longer possible to maintain. Britain herself is unable to support it. When the war ends, she may still find herself strong in relation to a ravaged Europe, but her power will be relatively weaker as against the remaining World Powers. She will no longer be able to assume those world-wide responsibilities of political and military protection which she accepted in a previous age. The nations of the Commonwealth will be compelled, by Britain's necessity no less than by their own, to justify their claim to nationhood by taking their destinies in their own hands and pursuing them by virtue of their own strength and abilities.

What that does *not* mean is a repudiation of the mother country. Britain, more than ever, will have need of the New World to redress the balance of the Old. Here is a process in which Canada has a major role marked out for her by nature. But if she is to fulfil that role, she will have to adopt a very different attitude from that of the past quarter of a century. She will have to act like an adult nation. And the key to success or failure will once more be her relations with the United States. A grudging and passive attitude will not serve. She must win from Washington a respect for her independence based on a realization that, while Canada's policies are firmly gounded on the fullest co-operation with the United States, they are her own policies springing from her own initiative and based on a clear and reasoned conviction of where her own interests lie. A nation which attains that position can hope to be listened to with respect when it seeks to harmonize the views of two greater partners who, for all their greatness, are prepared to recognize that the lesser nation is none the less a partner with them.

That is the sort of responsibility that faces us during the years to come. It is a problem thrust upon us by the political no less than the geographical position which we occupy. It is a position whose fortunate character is in many ways unique. We stand in a relation to two great powers which has enabled us to combine protection with freedom in a way which no other nation of our size

has enjoyed during the present century. But there is a price, though an extremely light price, for all this. We cannot hope to occupy half a continent without deciding the nature of our relations with the other half. We cannot possess vital coast-lines fronting on two oceans without recognizing that our neighbour—to whom, whether we admit it or not, we look for protection in case of attack—has also an interest in seeing that no other state is provoked by our actions into an attempt to seize those positions. We cannot reasonably expect to share the fruits of the co-operation of the two great English-speaking democracies without being prepared to make a positive contribution to that co-operation. We must evolve our own policy and pursue it on our own initiative; for it is a true paradox in this case that the more mature and independent we become, the more likely we are to contribute to the effective unity of the Anglo-Saxon world.

III. THE EMPIRE AND WORLD ORDER — A. Brady

The present war is bringing forth books and pamphlets which attempt to assess anew the relation of the British Empire to world society.* Of these the best informed and most challenging volume so far comes from the United States. In *Great Britain: An Empire in Transition*, Albert Viton surveys the modern life of the Empire, its strength, weaknesses, and perplexing problems. While his general attitude is one of sympathy and admiration, he is not restrained from trenchant criticism, some of which is merited and some grossly extravagant. There is a journalist's lack of reserve in his forthright pronouncements, but the sober facts of his analysis (his command of fact is on the whole impressive) do not always support the trenchancy of his leading sentences. He remarks, for example, that the reason why "this gigantic Empire has not been able to assure world peace by its own power is due only to the hopeless mental astigmatism and muddle-headedness of its rulers. Until the last few years, certainly, Great Britain had the resources and influence to crush potential disturbers of world peace by

**Great Britain: An Empire in Transition*, by Albert Viton, New York, John Day, 1940, $3.00.

The British Empire, Its Structure, Its Unity, Its Strength, by Stephen Leacock, Toronto, Dodd, Mead, 1940, $2.25.

The Future of the British Commonwealth of Nations, by Theodore Kraft, (pamphlet), Washington, American Council on Public Affairs, 1940, 50c.

diplomatic and economic weapons long before resort had to be had to arms." Of muddle-headedness in the recent rulers of Great Britain there has been much, but it is stretching the point to attribute the failure of the Empire to maintain world peace simply to the stupidity of its rulers. Elsewhere in his book Mr Viton remarks that political talent in the governing class of England is greater than that in any other country of the world, and in this judgment he is probably right. But in the field of foreign affairs since 1919 the forces which these leaders had to control were extraordinarily intractable.

There is much else than the fumblings of a Baldwin or the faulty and blind moves of a Chamberlain to explain the lack of decisive influence of the British Empire on the course of international affairs. There is, for example, the singular character of the modern Empire, wherein there is not one but many stubborn sovereignties. Its vast territory and great material power, so impressive to the outsider, is not under concentrated political control, but is broken and dispersed by divided jurisdictions under the formal unity of the Crown. "The Empire," wrote Major-General Fuller, "has become a hydra—a monster of political discord." Efforts to establish co-ordinating machinery seldom met a genuine welcome from the Dominions, which like children delighted with newly-won toys have clung jealously to every minor shred of their autonomy. The Empire has been unable by its own considerable power to assure world peace because of its decentralized character and its emphasis on local liberties, and the nemesis of imperial decentralization has been weakness in regard to the outer world. Despite the urgency of the need it was not, for example, possible prior to the outbreak of war, in September, 1939, to achieve an imperial air-training scheme adequate for defence. Although individually the Dominions were unable to defend themselves against a major hostile power, for none of them had a military machine much better than that of a fourth-rate European state, yet an unrealistic nationalism led them to pose as almost independent and as well-defended states and to shun defensive commitments. In Canada there were some liberals who assumed that what happened in Europe was of little concern to Canadians; that as North Americans they should remain isolated. The fatuity of isolationism was never adequately argued in public, mainly because the Canadian electorate at large was indifferent to, and ignorant of,

the deeper issues of international affairs. Such indifference and ignorance in the past was possible because of Canada's colonial mentality and physical security, sheltered as it was by the British Navy's command of the seas and in later years by the tacit inclusion of the Dominion within the kindly protection of the Monroe Doctrine. This security made it inevitable that Canada would not encourage Great Britain in any daring policy to assure collective security, and the other Dominions were similarly restrained by the facts of their environment. For obvious reasons it was impossible for British statesmen to plan to act as if the Dominions did not exist.

The Empire was embarrassed in its exercise of influence not merely by the fissures within its own structure, but also by the political philosophy whereby it sought to live. British liberalism has traditionally repudiated stringent demands upon the individual by the state. Conscription for military service, resorted to in the War of 1914, was rejected in the ensuing time of peace, and confidence was placed in the League of Nations, without recognizing that a league which could not promptly use force was incapable of preventing aggression unless (which was not the case) all the Great Powers shared the liberal and pacific attitudes of Great Britain and the United States. Appeasement was the twin sister of pacifism, and it was not born at Munich but immediately after the last war. A similar pacifist liberalism prevailed in the Dominions, hampering the political leaders of these communities in accurately appraising, or in preparing for, the challenge of the new European imperialism. Mr Viton emphasizes the great potential influence of British sea power, which an astute diplomacy might have used to preserve peace. But unfortunately in modern times, as contrasted with the nineteenth century, British sea power alone could not prevent the outbreak of war in Europe. Its co-operation with a major land and air power was imperative, and compromises which jeopardized permanent peace had obviously to be made in order to maintain that co-operation. The true quality of British diplomacy, for example, cannot be adequately assessed until in many years' time the inner history of Anglo-French diplomacy, 1919-39, is written.

What of the future? Stephen Leacock, in a book obviously intended for the general reader in North America, is confident that close bonds between the Empire, the United States, and France

will best ensure world order. He does not suggest a political union between these countries, and he does not explain how the spirit of good feeling can be translated into positive agencies of control. Indeed he seems to be hostile to legal bonds. Why, one is inclined to ask, did not the past good feeling of which he speaks preserve peace? Altogether his book is annoyingly vague, and leaves unanswered most of the crucial questions. Its interest as a sketchy survey of the Empire will nevertheless win it many readers. In a preface dated April, 1940, the author writes of Great Britain and France: "There is now a real organic unity, a blending of opinions and of interests, and a halo of memories that will henceforth make, for any cause of difference, agreement easy and war impossible." Is Stephen Leacock no better as a prophet than the rest of us?

Mr Viton reveals sound sense in his analysis of the problem of the Empire and future peace. At the time of writing he was evidently confident that the Empire would win the war. If it lost, he was in no doubt of the result. "The collapse of the British Empire would serve as a signal for all the hungry powers of the world to launch new and greater wars of aggression." Mr Churchill's "new medieval age" would begin. No other power would be capable of taking the place of the Empire as an agency of order. In the case of a British victory the Empire will continue as in the past to play a stabilizing role in world society. On the problematical details of that role Mr Viton does not enter, but one may suggest two conditions as being essential if the Empire is to be effective: first, it must achieve more integration within itself. The centrifugal tendencies which obtained full play after the last war must be withstood. It is not a case of abridging Dominion autonomy but of placing more responsibility upon the Dominions within the general life of the Empire. There will need to be an extension in their responsibility for administering and defending many of the colonies, and precedents already exist in the former League mandates exercised by Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand. Canada at the present time has assumed a new responsibility for the defence of Newfoundland with far-reaching implications. The logic of increasing Dominion responsibility is reinforced by the fact that by the end of the war much industrial power will have shifted from Great Britain to the Dominions, and population will inevitably follow industries. The second necessary

condition is close collaboration with other democratic nations, especially the United States. Such collaboration has already begun with the leasing of air-field sites in British territories and the Canadian-American Defence Agreement, whose future supplement is likely to be similar agreements with Australia and New Zealand. For these the military logic is forcible enough, although the political logic would still encounter rugged resistance among the American electorate. The extent of collaboration before the end of the present war is not easy to predict; one can only expect that it will be fundamental. In the tightening bonds between Empire and Republic is the sole future hope for world order.

REVIEWS

LORD TWEEDSMUIR*

C. N. Cochrane

The former of the two volumes listed below is described by the author as the "diary of a pilgrimage," a "journal of certain experiences, not written in the experiencing moment, but rebuilt out of memory." It does not profess to contain a "confession of faith in religion, philosophy, or the business of government," so much as "a record of the effect upon one mind of the mutations of life." The latter work consists of some forty brief speeches and addresses, delivered on various occasions during his term of office as Governor-General of Canada and prepared with a view to publication on his impending retirement. Together they form a worthy memorial to a fine and generous spirit.

As the diary of a pilgrimage, the autobiography is charged throughout with a vivid sense of change. "My lifetime has included more drastic changes in manners and customs and modes of thought than can be shown, I think, by any similar period of history." This sense of process is intensified by the fact that the point of departure is the relatively stable world of late Victorian times, a world in which "there was little consciousness that new facts were emerging in all quarters, social, political, economic, religious, which required a new interpretation, that all our problems needed a fresh analysis, and that the most venerated principles must be rethought and restated." John Buchan went down from Oxford at the turn of the century, the darkest moment (as he says) of the South African War, in order to read in London for the Bar. His active career was thus to coincide exactly with those shattering events of which that conflict may, perhaps, be taken as a portent.

In a world presenting so many elements of novelty the problem of adjustment is at the same time a problem of discrimination. In this Buchan was equipped primarily by his upbringing as a son of the manse in a village of the Scottish Border, an upbringing

*_Memory-Hold-the-Door_, by John Buchan, Musson Book Co., 1940, $3.75. _Canadian Occasions, Addresses by Lord Tweedsmuir_, Musson Book Co., 1940, $1.50.

which, he observes, "made any kind of class-feeling quite impossible" and supplied the basis for a stout democratic faith to which, despite an academic interest in dictators, he clung tenaciously throughout his life. On the other hand, his mental awakening hardly began until, as a youth of seventeen in Glasgow University, he experienced his "first real intellectual interest" in the Greek and Latin classics, at that time expounded by Gilbert Murray. From Glasgow a scholarship took him to Oxford, where, still through the medium of that "most precious viaticum," the classics, he cultivated a taste for history and philosophy, to bear fruit later in the biographies of Montrose, Cromwell, and Augustus.

"The supreme advantage of Oxford was that it enabled me to discover what talents I had and what I really wanted to do." In this discovery of wider horizons, Buchan gives credit to the inspiration of a great scholar, A. H. J. Greenidge, who first excited his interest in legal studies. It is evident, however, that he was deeply impressed by the charm of the city and her environs which, from the moment of his first stroll through Merton Street and Holywell, captured his imagination and claimed his love. He owed much, too, to the atmosphere of unrestricted debate then prevailing in the university, debate in which he crossed swords with men like Raymond Asquith, the ablest of his contemporaries.

Notwithstanding the handicap of an unusually frail constitution, Buchan was a man of extraordinary physical energy. This found an outlet, on the one hand, in practical activity, as student and practitioner of law, as the moving spirit in a large and progressive publishing house, as member of Parliament and, finally, in the field of public administration; on the other, in the hardly less arduous duty of literary composition in which, as novelist, essayist, and historian, he displayed a power of concentrated effort which would have been remarkable in any man. Despite the popularity of his imaginative work, he thought of himself chiefly as an historical biographer. But, whatever the task he set himself, his guiding principle was that of *ordonnance*, "the supreme importance of an ordered discipline both in matter and style"; the Latin sense of clarity for which "the technical terms of German philosophy seem to have a kind of hypnotic power, creating a world remote from common reality wherein reconciliations and syntheses flow as smoothly and with as little meaning as in an opiate dream."

Canadians will in general remember Buchan mainly for his services as personal representative of the Crown in the Dominion. In this connection it will be found that the volume of addresses supplements admirably the chapter of the autobiography entitled "My America." Buchan's interest in imperial administration dates from the early years of the century when, after "a brief interlude" at the London Bar, he joined the group of young imperialists who, under the inspiration and guidance of Lord Milner, were seeking to lay the foundation for a new order in South Africa. Like so many of his contemporaries, the young official was for the moment dazzled by a vision of the Commonwealth as "a world-wide brotherhood with the background of a common race and creed, consecrated to the service of peace." More mature thinking was, indeed, to modify the picture. "It was before the day of coloured shirts in politics, but it was the day of coloured maps, and we were too fond of gloating over the red patches on the atlas." Nevertheless, he continued to believe in the salutary mission of the British peoples and, from the time of his appointment to that of his fatal illness, he gave the world a practical demonstration of what he conceived that mission to be. During his term, not the least happy occasions were those on which he was called upon to speak to different audiences throughout the Dominion and, on these occasions, he was invariably felicitous in what he had to say. He does, indeed, playfully disparage his remarks as mere "governor-generalities." But, despite the limitations imposed upon him by his office, he succeeded in rising above the commonplace and conveying a message of real importance to whatever body he addressed himself. In this connection certain of his *obiter dicta* are worth recalling. "Democracy has no use for condescension." "Character is no doubt the most important thing in life, but it must be illumined and directed by intelligence." "The basis of all fanaticism is a partial atrophy of the mind." Among these addresses, one of the most notable is that in which he condemns the disservice of a blind colonial patriotism and calls upon Canadians, as a sovereign people, to assume a distinctively Canadian attitude towards the vexing problems of international politics. "The only question is whether that attitude be wise and well-informed or short-sighted and ill-informed." Buchan's tenure of the Governor-Generalship undoubtedly served to shed lustre on the office as well as to redeem it from a certain discredit. But it

did even more. Canadians will remember with gratitude that, both through his popularity as an author and by his friendly approaches to the government and people of the United States, he made a genuine contribution to that better understanding among the English-speaking nations upon which our hopes for the future so largely depend. For this among other reasons they will welcome this permanent record of his life and of his work among them.

DANTE AND PHILOSOPHY[1]

J. E. Shaw

What is Dante's attitude toward Philosophy? What part is assigned by him to Philosophy in the activities of man, especially politics and religion? These are the questions with which this book is concerned, as the author tells us in his preface. He disagrees with the views of Father Mandonnet, O.P., most recently expressed in the latter's *Dante le théologien*, according to which Dante was a clergyman whose works are chiefly theological and filled with amazing doctrinal and autobiographical allegories. This disagreement leads Professor Gilson to devote a large part of the first chapter, on the *Vita Nuova*—a work which, but for Mandonnet's understanding of it, would have little to do with philosophy—to a confutation which is no aerial bombardment but an inexorably accurate destruction of his opponent's theories. The controversial element reappears in other chapters, and it may serve as a caution to readers who, while not well acquainted with Dante, are aware of the authority of Mandonnet as medievalist and historian: otherwise it seems unnecessary, and here and there a passing expression seems to indicate that M. Gilson thinks so too.[2]

In the rest of this first chapter, however, and in two of the "Eclaircissements" at the end of the book,[3] we learn what M. Gilson

[1] *Dante et la Philosophie*, par Etienne Gilson [Professeur au Collège de France], Paris, Librairie Philosophique J. Vrin, 1939. (Etudes de Philosophie Médiévale, XXVIII.) M. Gilson also holds the office of Director of the Institute of Medieval Studies, St Michael's College, University of Toronto.

[2] E.g., "A moins de renoncer complètement à parler de ces choses, ce qui serait peut-être la sagesse . . . ," p. 45.

[3] "Des Poètes et de leurs muses" and "Sur deux Familles de symboles."

thinks of the *Vita Nuova* and Beatrice. So little is known of Bice Portinari, and Dante knew her so little, that the only real Beatrice for us is the one who lives in his works. His love began as a courtly fashionable devotion and became a genuine passion. She was his "muse," inspiring his verse with the power that so many inaccessible "princesses lointaines" have exercised over artists. After death she is his mediating saint in heaven, but she still remains a woman. Even in the *Commedia* she does not become the symbol of any abstract idea. Only the fictitious things and persons—the forest, the wolf, etc.—are symbols of that kind; the historical persons—Virgil, Cato, etc.—are only representative of what they really are in the mind of the poet. Dante himself, for example, represents the "homo viator" because he really was that. Beatrice is no more a symbol than is St Thomas Aquinas.[4] Dante's devotion to her memory saved him from a period of debauchery attested by the sonnets exchanged with Forese Donati, and the episode in *Purg.* xxiii. M. Gilson identifies this period of debauchery with the "selva oscura" of the *Inferno*, because Dante, speaking to Forese about their common dissipated life, says: "He who goes before me [i.e., Virgil] turned me away from that life, only the other day," but Forese had been dead nearly five years, and the life Dante had led until his conversion in 1300 had been devoted not only to pleasure but also to study and politics. "That life," then, would rather seem to mean an irreligious, worldly life, of which the dissipation with Forese was only a part.[5]

The unfinished *Convivio* is a work undertaken as an "initiation philosophique pour gens du monde." Accordingly the Donna Gentile, who is a symbol of Philosophy, represents the philosophical science that leads to the earthly beatitude attainable by the practice of moral virtue in the active life: moral and political science, with "humanum bonum" as an end sufficient in itself.[6] "Cette science

[4]One naturally wonders why all the fourteenth-century commentators, nearer to Dante than we, thought so differently.

[5]M. Gilson also sees in the "mirabile visione" at the end of the *Vita Nuova*, the beginning of Dante's conversion, although that vision occurred before 1293.

[6]Not that Dante ignores the celestial beatitude, which is a superior object, but quite separate and attainable by quite different means. Here he is closer to Aristotle than St Thomas Aquinas, who considers earthly happiness as only a stage in the progress toward celestial happiness, the intellectual virtues as just as proper to man as the moral virtues, and theology as the mistress of the other sciences which serve her as *ancillae*.

est à ses yeux une science de laïcs": it excludes theology, which is superior but quite apart, and metaphysics, which is inferior only because inadequate for practical purposes. The fourth book of the *Convivio* where the authority of Aristotle is made supreme and independent in philosophy, as that of the Emperor is in government, prepares the way for the *De Monarchia* where the authority of the Pope is made supreme and independent in spiritual matters alone.

According to M. Gilson the Donna Gentile is a symbol of Philosophy already in the *Vita Nuova*, where Dante blames himself for having forgotten Beatrice in the joy of his initiation into the study of philosophy: an enthusiasm which led to a period of excessive rationalism, afterward rebuked by Beatrice herself in *Purg.* xxxiii. The "alquanti dì" assigned to this aberration in the *Vita Nuova* is a euphemism for a much longer time—not less than the "trenta mesi" mentioned in the *Convivio*. The latter work, written after the return to thoughts of Beatrice, and to orthodox thinking, places itself under the patronage of the glorified Beatrice, to whom Philosophy is no more antagonistic than it is to Theology.[7] There is, consequently, no conflict between the two accounts, in the *Vita Nuova* and in the *Convivio*, of the episode of the Donna Gentile.

All the argumentation supporting the above conclusions is vigorous and clear as crystal, but it fails to meet many possible objections, some of which are as follows: In the commentaries to the sonnets of the *Vita Nuova* concerning the Donna Gentile, Dante gives us to understand that this lady has no allegorical significance. In the *Convivio* he tells us that, in the canzone *Voi che 'ntendendo*, she is a symbol of Philosophy, (without saying that that is all she is) but not until the twelfth chapter of the second book with which the allegorical exposition begins. In the previous ten chapters, two-thirds of the whole book, she is still the real woman of the *Vita Nuova*. As Philosophy she is not only moral philosophy or even human philosophy, but that very wisdom of God which is in angels and men according to their participation, and certainly includes Theology.[8] Beatrice is mentioned in the

[7]See pp. 101-2, where Beatrice comes perilously near to becoming a symbol of Theology.

[8]" . . . filosofia è uno amoroso uso di sapienza, lo quale massimamente è in Dio . . . . Ne l'altre intelligenze è per modo minore . . . " (*Conv.* III, xii).

Convivio as a cherished memory of the poet, but the love for her is spoken of as a thing of the past, discarded for the love of wisdom: to the ordinary reader she seems to have no part in the work at all.[9]

The originality of Dante's political theory in the *Monarchia* stands out when compared, on the one hand, with the Augustinian tendency to fuse the order of nature with that of divine grace, reason with faith, the state with the church, and, on the other, with the Aquinian doctrine which keeps the orders distinct, but unites them in a hierarchy of authority: grace above nature, faith above reason, the church above the state. Dante admits the hierarchy as regards dignity, but not as regards authority. In authority the temporal and spiritual orders are independent of each other, and their separate objects, temporal beatitude and eternal beatitude, are each an ultimate object.

Philosophy points to temporal beatitude as Theology does to the eternal. It is the possession of the Possible Intellect that distinguishes men from angels and beasts: temporal beatitude is attainable for the whole human race by co-operation in actualizing continuously the whole potentiality of the Possible Intellect.[10] This actualizing, however, is impossible without a temporal state comparable in universality to the Catholic Church, for it requires justice and liberty resulting in universal peace, all of which can be secured only by power vested in one person.[11] The divinely appointed Emperor will cause Justice to prevail over Cupidity,

---

" . . . la primaia e vera filosofia . . . la quale è quella donna di cu'io dico . . . " (III, xi). "Poi quando dico: *E quella gente* . . . discendo a mostrare come ne l'umana intelligenzia essa secondariamente ancora vegna; de la quale filosofia umana seguito poi . . . " (III, xiii). "Ond'è scritto di lei: 'Dal principio dinanzi da li secoli creata sono . . . ' " (III, xiv). M. Gilson says (p. 151): "La sagesse y est [i.e. in the *Conv.*] partout présentée comme une possession de l'homme naturel usant de ses resources naturelles . . . ."

[9]" . . . e così certo sono ad altra vita migliore dopo questa passare, là dove quella gloriosa donna vive de la quale *fu* l'anima mia innamorata quando contendea, . . . " (*Conv.* II, viii).

[10]The suggestion comes from Averroes, but Dante's "Intellectus Possibilis" is not the "Intellectus Materialis" of Averroes. The latter is a separate intellect in which each human being participates during his life. Dante's is the Scholastic "Intellect," the immortal part of each human soul: by "the whole potentiality of the Possible Intellect" he means the whole potentiality of the sum of individual intellects.

[11]Aristotle had said that when a number of things are ordered to a single end, one of them must rule and the others be ruled.

which is the arch-enemy of Justice according to Aristotle. The Emperor will be free from Cupidity because he will already possess all earthly goods. Liberty is free judgment; and judgment is free in the measure that it is rational, moving appetite but not moved by it. In democracies, oligarchies, tyrannies, men are subject to the appetites of their rulers: only the universal monarch can desire freedom for his subjects, that is that they should exist for themselves and not for the state, which is what a good society understands by liberty.

The Emperor derives his authority directly from God, not through the Pope. St Thomas says that the Pope receives both the temporal and the spiritual authority which Christ bestowed upon Peter. Dante says that Christ never exercised his temporal authority, and that it returned with Him to heaven.[12] Nevertheless, the Emperor is dependent on the Pope for one thing, his paternal benediction, for the Pope is the supreme Father just as the Emperor is the supreme Master, two orders neither of which is subordinate to the other. At the end of the *Monarchia*, Dante admits that the Emperor is in some degree subject to the Pope, since temporal happiness is in some sense ordered to immortal happiness, and to many this has seemed like a retractation of previous assertions. M. Gilson acutely points out that, if so, the very last words of all would be a retractation of that retractation: "Illa igitur reverentia Caesar utatur ad Petrum qua primogenitus filius debet uti ad patrem: ut luce paterne gratie illustratus virtuosius orbem terre irradiet, cui *ab Illo solo* prefectus est, qui est omnium spiritualium et temporalium gubernator."[13]

In all this penetrating, sympathetic examination of the *Monarchia*, M. Gilson seems to me to have understood Dante's bold

[12]M. Gilson places side by side the following passages from Dante and St Thomas: "Summus namque Pontifex, Domini nostri Jesu Christi vicarius et Petri successor, cui non quicquid Christo sed quicquid Petro debemus" (*Mon.* III, 3); " . . . summo Sacerdoti, successori Petri, Christi vicario, Romano Pontifici, cui omnes reges populi christiani oportet esse subditos, sicut ipsi Domino nostro Jesu Christo" (*De Reg. Princ.* I, 14). Dante probably had this passage from St Thomas in mind.

[13]"Let Caesar, therefore, have for Peter that reverence which an eldest son should have for his father: so that, glorified by the light of paternal grace, he may the more efficiently illuminate the sphere of the Earth, over which he has been placed in authority *by Him alone* who is the ruler of all things spiritual and temporal."

originality, his difficulties, and his exact position, better than anyone else.

Still controverting the theories of Mandonnet, according to whom the works of Dante are theological and peculiarly Thomistic, M. Gilson finds more evidence in the *Commedia* that Dante is bent on defending the independence of secular philosophy and of the temporal order, not subject to theology and the spiritual order, as St Thomas would have them.

In the *Paradiso* Siger de Brabant, the reputed Averroist, is praised by St Thomas who denounced him when in the flesh. M. Gilson holds that the historical characters in the *Commedia* represent not the whole of their historical selves, even in the mind of Dante, but only those characteristics to represent which he chooses them. St Thomas stands for intellectualistic theology, and so has common ground with Siger who represents secular intellectualism. Siger has been placed in heaven beside St Thomas, as the defender of the truth that Philosophy is not subject to Theology. This is what is meant by the "invidiosi veri" that Siger demonstrated: not Averroistic doctrines.[14] Similarly St Bonaventura, who represents the primacy in dignity of the spiritual over the temporal, praises Gioacchino da Flora the prophet of the total detemporalization of the Church.

The speeches of Aquinas and Bonaventura about the two mendicant orders (*Par.* xi and xii) are excellently analysed: it is shown how both orders are blamed for abandoning their spiritual ideal and the vow of poverty.[15] But M. Gilson goes further and

[14]Cf., however, the words of Siger quoted on p. 258, n. 1, which seem to be submissive enough to Theology: "Hoc dicimus sensisse Philosophum . . . sententiam tamen sanctae fidei catholicae, si contraria huic sit sententia Philosophi, praeferre volentes, sicut et in aliis quibuscumque." It is not to be excluded that "invidiosi veri" may mean *incompatible truths*, truths which look askance at each other. Since Dante was convinced that Siger died in the Faith, it is quite Dantesque for him to be rehabilitated by St Thomas who, enlightened after death, would reverse his own judgment, as did Pope Gregory I (*Par.* xxviii, 135), Bonagiunta (*Purg.* xxiv, 55) and others, including no doubt St Bonaventura. The problem of Siger de Brabant is thrashed out in two of the "Eclaircissements": "Sur l'Averroïsme de S. de B." and "Sur le Thomisme de S. de B."

[15]The difficult lines (*Par.* xi, 137-139): "perchè vedrai la pianta onde si scheggia,—e vedrai il corregger che argomenta—'U' ben s'impingua, se non si vaneggia' " are well explained, except that the first is translated: "car tu comprendras quel est l'arbre qui perd son écorce." I think the construction is: perchè vedrai onde la pianta si scheggia: thou wilt see why it is that the tree is

sees in these speeches "la préoccupation d'assurer l'indépendance complète de l'ordre temporel contre les empiètements du spirituel." So when St Thomas explains his own words about Solomon: "a veder tanto non surse il secondo" (*Par.* x, 114) as meaning not that the king was wiser than Adam or Christ, but that he was unique in "regal prudenza," M. Gilson sums up: "Bref, après avoir demandé que les moines laissent l'empire à l'Empereur et s'occupent de théologie, Dante invite l'Empereur à laisser la science aux savants et de se contenter de la justice."[16] He even says that Boniface VIII is in Hell because he asserted the authority of the spiritual over the temporal, although Dante himself gives another quite different reason. It is not that M. Gilson thinks that the mutual independence of Philosophy and Theology, of Pope and Emperor, is the central doctrine in the *Commedia*—he disclaims any such thought—but the subject of this book is Dante's attitude to Philosophy, and its author is sure that for Dante Philosophy is Moral and Political Science. And all the time he is keeping a relentless eye on the harmless Father Mandonnet, whose intellectual honesty he nevertheless admires.

This review has just skimmed the surface of an illuminating book, full of refreshingly original views. All the "dantologues," as M. Gilson benevolently calls them, should read it. Some of them may be annoyed at seeing their pet theories and their painstaking work ignored, but they will relish the stimulating quality of its daring, and the delicious clarity, for the sake of which something is sometimes sacrificed.

---

shedding its bark. St Thomas' purpose has been to explain what is the matter with the Dominicans, and the syntactical inversion is the same as in the next line: e vedrai che il corregger argomenta.

[16]The words "non surse il secondo" are a reminiscence of *Regum*, III, 3, 12: "ut nullus ante te similis tui fuerit, nec post te surrecturus sit." The passage was difficult to interpret, and the fate of Solomon himself was debatable. St Augustine thought that Solomon had not been saved. To settle this latter question, and to interpret the biblical passage, were purposes sufficient to account for the presence of the king in Paradise, and for the explanation of St Thomas.

SPINOZA'S ETHICAL TEACHING*

G. Watts Cunningham

As its title indicates, the volume under review is primarily concerned with Spinoza's contributions to psychological and ethical theories. Analytical consideration of the emotions and of the problem of value constitute the major part of the subject-matter of the *Ethics*. The special service rendered by this volume lies in its emphasis on this very important side of Spinoza's thought. Convenient summaries of the philosopher's views are presented in all of their great richness, and the historical context of those views is helpfully indicated.

The "fundamental theme" of the volume is said to be "that there is a logical and historical conflict of ideas throughout [Spinoza's] thought." There is "no such inner harmony and consistency" as some of the interpreters of Spinoza's system have assumed, and there is "evidence of the conflict of the two major philosophical traditions; namely, the great tradition originating in Plato and Aristotle (which includes Neo-Platonism, Stoicism, and Scholasticism) and the atomic-mechanistic tradition originating in Democritus, Epicurus, and Lucretius" (pp. 12-13).

For this thesis Dr Bidney makes a convincing case in the course of his detailed study. In view of the traditional assumption to the contrary, he does well to do so. And by doing so he throws into bold relief the many-sided and constructive analysis, which makes up the main body of the *Ethics*, released from the formal strait-jacket in which Spinoza unfortunately placed it—an analysis that is at once original and profound, as the author insists.

With the general interpretation of Spinoza's achievement here presented there is, perhaps, little ground for disagreement. It seems to me at least unfortunate, however, to speak of his "doctrine of the identity of body and mind" (p. 40). Nor does there seem to be any warrant for calling Spinoza a nominalist. At least, I am at a loss to discern nominalism in the Scholium of Prop. 40, Part II, which is presented in evidence by the author; no other evidence is presented, and I am unable to find any. But these matters are of no special importance for the author's chief

**The Psychology and Ethics of Spinoza: A Study in the History and Logic of Ideas*, by David Bidney, New Haven, Yale University Press, 1940, $3.75.

purpose. He has succeeded admirably in doing what he mainly set out to do, and his volume is an important contribution to the literature on Spinoza.

TRIBUTE TO AN HISTORIAN*

A. L. Burt

This volume is a tribute to the dean of Canadian historians, and I gladly seize the opportunity to add my word. Some thirty years ago, a senior student in the University of Toronto advised me to register for work with Professor Wrong "because he will give you something more than the content of the course." I found the advice good; for Professor Wrong gave of himself. He has never ceased giving. His generous personality has ripened countless admiring undergraduates into warm personal friends of later years. In the University, from which he retired after three decades and a half of devoted service, he has, as it were, perpetuated himself, having there built a department which has no peer in the Dominion. Greater and more abiding has been his contribution to the country as a whole. In a land whose people are deeply divided by race, language, religion, and geography, he has long exerted a powerful influence for the development of national unity. From his many books on Canadian history, which have been deservedly popular because they were written to be read, English Canada has gained a better understanding and appreciation of French Canada. His writings have also played a leading part, many believe the leading part, in that remarkable awakening of interest in Canadian history generally which has done so much in our own generation to make Canadians, from Atlantic to Pacific, think and feel as one nation. Nor should it be forgotten that the quality of the scholarship in the rapidly expanding literature on Canadian history was lifted to its present plane by the searching criticism and severe standards set by the annual *Review of Publications Relating to Canada*, founded by Professor Wrong in 1896, and conducted by him and the collaborators whom he gathered together, until the quarterly *Canadian Historical Review* took its place in 1920.

**Essays in Canadian History. Presented to George Mackinnon Wrong for his Eightieth Birthday*, edited by R. Flenley, The Macmillan Company of Canada, 1939.

This *Festschrift* is very much a departmental affair. Only two of the sixteen contributors have not been on the history staff of the University of Toronto, and these two were students of Professor Wrong, who are professors elsewhere in Canada. Only two of the fourteen have left Toronto to teach in other institutions, one in England and one in the United States. Eight were students of Professor Wrong, who became members of his department—a reminder that it has been criticized for too much inbreeding. It is usual for volumes of the kind to be less local in composition, but there is an obvious reason for this departure from custom. Professor Wrong and the colleagues he selected were not a school for the training of graduates in advanced work. They spent themselves on the great task of educating undergraduates, and they made such a good job of it that one may doubt whether any history department in North America did better.

The introductory essay on "Professor G. M. Wrong and History in Canada" must have charmed the audience which heard Professor Chester Martin deliver it as a lecture in the spring of 1938. It is a valuable chapter on Canadian historiography. The other writers chose their own topics and treated them in their own way. Their products vary widely in scope, from specialized research to broad synthesis. Yet the combined result is less disjointed than one might suppose, for all the offerings are of a fine quality and the editor has been able to group them under a few general headings.

Under "Background and External Influences," Keith Feiling of Christ Church, Oxford, discusses "The British Background" so pithily that some readers will have to ponder his words well to find their meaning. In "The French Revolution and French Canada," R. Flenley wisely shows that the relationship between the two was not simple and direct but was complicated by the United States. He might, however, have said something about French blood racing faster through Canadian veins as a result of French victories in Europe. D. J. McDougall's "Canada and Ireland: a Contrast in Constitutional Development" is challenging and suggestive, particularly in these dark days when people are haunted by the mistakes of the past. Here is an eloquent and reasoned lament over Britain's failure to satisfy the Irish demand for self-government as quickly and as easily as the Canadian. The parallel between the two problems, as set forth in this essay, is most striking; but the reviewer misses the fundamental differences between the controlling

conditions, such as the close juxtaposition of Canada and the United States and of Ireland and Britain. Edgar McInnis compares the two North American federations in a fresh and stimulating way, but it is evident that he has a better understanding of the building and launching of the Dominion than of the American Union. Incidentally it may be said that the "rash" appeal to the electorate of New Brunswick was perhaps not such a surprise as has been supposed. According to one of the New Brunswick "Fathers of Confederation," an understanding was reached during the Quebec Conference to make his province the bell-wether of the flock.

In the next division, "Political and Constitutional," W. P. M. Kennedy considers "The Terms of the British North America Act" in the light of Privy Council decisions, which, he trenchantly argues, have perverted the instrument they should have maintained. Frank H. Underhill's essay on "Edward Blake and Canadian Liberal Nationalism" increases one's impatience to see a full-length study of Blake by the same pen. D. G. Creighton embraces a wider subject in his survey of "Conservatism and National Unity"; and W. N. Sage concentrates his attention upon the few years after British Columbia became a province, when the lieutenant-governor felt obliged to rule as well as reign. "Permanent Factors in Canadian External Relations," by G. P. deT. Glazebrook, says much on changes of procedure, and therefore the reader will be surprised to find in it no reference to the decisive work of Sir Robert Borden.

Of the four essays under the caption "Social and Economic," the first, on "Geographical Determinants in Canadian History," by A. R. M. Lower, is a little masterpiece of analysis and exposition. In "The Survival of Canada," J. Bartlet Brebner examines why, as an observer from another continent would ask and many puzzled Americans do ask, Canada has not been absorbed by the United States. In attempting to answer this enormous question, which, as he notes, covers much of American history and practically all of Canadian, the writer has had to content himself with presenting only broad outlines. He has done it well, though the reviewer would criticize some details, particularly about the War of 1812, and would like to have seen him make more of the French and Catholic character of the population on the lower St Lawrence. W. S. Wallace's "Strathspey in the Canadian Fur-Trade" clears some of the confusion about members of the Clan Grant who

migrated to Canada, and R. G. Riddell's "The Policy of Creating Land Reserves in Canada" is a penetrating reappraisal of the policy of clergy and crown reserves.

The concluding section, "Cultural," contains a sketch by Richard M. Saunders of "The Cultural Development of New France before 1760" which leaves no doubt of its reality, and an essay by George W. Brown on "The Formative Period of the Canadian Protestant Churches." He observes that their development passed through three stages: "a period of transplanting and early adaptation to the North American environment"; from about 1840, one "of integration in regional regroupings"; and from Confederation, "one of union and organization along national lines." He is here chiefly concerned with the first of these stages, and his treatment will make many a reader wish him to expand it and to extend it through the others.

From first to last, this is a book well worth perusing.

SPEED-O-PRINT
-DUPLICATORS-

AUTOMATIC FEED 54.00
HAND FEED 38.50

For School, Church, Club and Industrial Use

WRITE FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS

or

See them on display at your local dealers

CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS

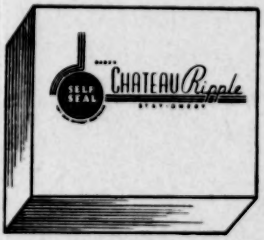
The BROWN BROTHERS Limited

100 SIMCOE ST., TORONTO

SELF SEAL ENVELOPES

featured in

CHATEAU Ripple STATIONERY



SOLD BY LEADING STATIONERY, DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

W. J. GAGE & CO., Limited - Toronto

Sole manufacturers of Self Seal Envelopes in Canada

ENVELOPES *Plain* *Printed* *Embossed*

TORONTO ENVELOPE CO. LIMITED

366 Adelaide Street West, Toronto 2, Ont.

CENTRAL BANKING
IN THE
BRITISH DOMINIONS

BY

A. F. W. PLUMPTRE

"Covering new ground in many respects this book is of direct interest to every banker, broker, investor, and student of finance."—*The Financial Times.*

"Commercial banking is so much influenced by the operations of the Bank of Canada that it is futile to attempt to understand banking without also studying central banking. . . ."—*The Financial Post.*

"Professor Plumptre is doing important original work . . ."—*The Monetary Times.*

"This is a most satisfactory book. It has unity, is excellently organized, and is well written."—*The Canadian Banker.*

"The book is admirable in plan and execution, in detail and in toto."

R. M. Coper in *Saturday Night.*

$4.00

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS
TORONTO, CANADA

GET IN STEP

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

PURCHASE YOUR COPY OF THE MILITARY HANDBOOKS

Elementary Drill Manual ...	.15
Notes on Elementary Military Law for Canadian Officers	.40
Lecture Notes for Part I Examination, 2nd Lieutenant to Lieutenant, N.P.A.M. ..	.40
Medical Guide for Flying Personnel	1.00

★ ★ ★

ABOVE PRICES SUBJECT TO REDUCTION FOR QUANTITY ORDERS

★ ★ ★

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

TORONTO - CANADA